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Vol. V. No. 18.

ARLINGTON, MASS., MARCH 5, 1903.

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TELEPHONE.

ANNUAL TOWN MEETING.

ELECTION OF TOWN OFFICERS.
OTHER BUSINESS CARRIED OVER
TO ADJOURNED MEETING.

The town meeting Monday was one of the most exciting for many years and the vote was one of the heaviest known, the total vote cast being 1166 out of 1565 registered voters.

While the caucus passed off very smoothly with only one contest, a large number of nomination papers were filed and the several contests united in making a lively town election. Before eight o'clock over one-third of the total vote had been cast.

In the caucus Warren W. Rawson was nominated without opposition, but strong opposition soon developed and nomination papers were filed for Daniel Wyman. Friends of both candidates made a thorough canvass of the town and some worked hard for their men, but at the polls Mr. Rawson was elected selectman for three years over Wyman, by a vote of 682 to 428.

The contest between Thomas J. Robinson and Horace A. Freeman for town clerk called out the largest number of votes cast for any office. Mr. Robinson won, 562 to 535.

William A. Muller, the candidate of the committee of five, was elected treasurer over Bowman F. Wilder by a vote of 554 to 524. Harvey S. Sears, was elected Collector, by 888 votes with no opposition. The election marks a new era in local affairs as the offices of Town clerk, treasurer and collector have been held for many years by one man.

George I. Doe, selectman, who has served nine years as assessor, was defeated for that position for three years by Leander D. Bradley, on nomination papers by a vote of 952 to 488.

For tree warden, A. Foster Brooks was the choice over Harold L. Frost, 683 to 434. The license vote was, no, 678, yes, 366.

All other offices were without opposition and the following is the vote: Auditor, one year, J. W. Buhlert, 825; School Committee, three years, Walter Mooers, 748, Timothy O'Leary, 833, D. Wyman, 817; Water Commissioner, three years, George P. Winn, 899; Sewer Commissioner, W. W. Rawson, 878; Park Commissioner, three years, Chas. P. Carter, 799; Board of health, three years, Dr. E. P. Stickney, 794; Commissioner Sinking fund, three years, Theo. Schwamb, 860; Trustee of Pratt fund, Wm. G. Peck, 810; Trustees, Robbins Library, three years, E. Nelson Blake, 833; J. C. Holmes, 768; For Consolidated board (Trustees Robbins fund, Soldier's monument and cemetery) three years, J. Edw. Kimball, 784; Constables, one year, Garrett Bary, 785, John Duffy, 787, A. S. Harriman, 765, D. M. Hooley, 822, C. H. Wood, 808.

The vote for license was, Yes, 365, No, 678. After election of several minor officers by acclamation the meeting adjourned next Monday evening.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

On Tuesday evening of last week, Mr. Abram English Brown of Bedford, addressed the meeting of the Historical society in Pleasant hall, his subject being, "Peter Faneuil and his Gift to New England." He began by giving a history of the Huguenots, and contrasting them to the Puritans. The paper was very interesting, the speaker telling how Faneuil happened to give the building named for him, and what perseverance he showed. A committee composed of Messrs. F. W. Hodgdon, George A. Smith and Edwin Mills, was appointed to draw up resolutions upon the death of the late H. H. Homer.

ARLINGTON.

Tonight and tomorrow night comes the Vaudeville in the Town hall, under the auspices of the Together club, in aid of "sweet charity." As the house had been sold out for each performance on the first day the tickets were placed on sale, the complete financial success is guaranteed, and one has only to look over the names of the participants, all well known young people of Arlington, to be assured that the different numbers will be well worth hearing and seeing. Dancing will follow Friday evening's show, with a small extra charge.

The following is the musical program at the Pleasant Street Congregational church next Sunday: Organ Prelude, "Ave Maria," Mendelssohn; Anthem, "Sanctus" from St. Cecilia Mass, Guonod; Quartet, "How beautiful upon the Mountains," Stainer; Offertory, "Andantino," Chauvet; Soprano Solo, West; Postlude in B flat. The musical program is becoming one of the features of the services at this church. The quartet is one of the best in suburban Boston, and includes Mrs. Fay Reed, alto, who was with the Commonwealth Baptist church choir eight years. Three of the quartet are music teachers of high reputation. There are also six fine voices in the chorus.

For nearly a year there has been going on in the Pleasant street district a cruel practice which should at once be brought to the attention of the police and something done. It seems that pet cats are secured, their tails cut off and then allowed to return to their homes. Whether this is done out of spite, the animals having been a nuisance, or for pure deviltry, it is hard to determine. But whatever the case, the party or parties should be found and measures taken to punish them. Only recently a pet cat belonging to Mrs. A. J. Wellington was thus "detailed."

ARLINGTON.

Some of the friends of the late Lolita I. Gillet have placed a bronze mural tablet, in St. John's Church, in her memory.

Francis L. Maguire of Arlington was among the ninety new lawyers who passed the bar examinations in January, and which were announced last week.

The prescription department of Gros-smith's Pharmacy, is now in charge of Mr. George K. Foster, a registered pharmacist of many years experience.

Owing to a holiday occurring in the first part of last week the Enterprise was delayed nearly 24 hours in making its appearance last week and a large number of interesting items, including several important announcements were crowded out.

A branch of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. has been opened in the Post Office building in one of the rooms formerly occupied by the Arlington Telephone Exchange, next to Dr. Derby's optical office.

This (Thursday) afternoon, Rabbi Fleischer, a Jewish preacher, will address the Arlington Woman's club at their meeting in Associates' hall, his subject being "Facts and Fictions about the Jews."

Mrs. Annie Daley, wife of James P. Daley the undertaker, died at her residence on Franklin street Friday evening after an illness of short duration.

The ten strokes of the fire alarm at one o'clock Wednesday morning called the department to the assistance of the Medford department at the burning of the West Medford Congregational Church; three pieces of apparatus was sent to their assistance.

John D. Rosie, the popular sartorial artist, accompanied by Mrs. Rosie and "the little tailor," spent the first few days of this week at Mrs. Rosie's former home in the Nutmeg state.

Half a hundred friends and neighbors gathered at the residence of Mrs. J. L. Beers on Broadway, Saturday evening, as a surprise on her birthday anniversary. Among those present were guests from Revere, Dorchester and Cambridge.

Last night at St. John's Church the Rev. John McGaw Foster of the Church of the Messiah, Boston, preached in the series of special Lenten services. Next Wednesday the preacher is the Rev. Geo. Nattress of St. Andrew's Church, Wellesley.

James Fitzgerald, shoemaker and repairer for many years with L. C. Tyler, calls the attention of his patrons and friends, that his number is 612 Massachusetts avenue. There are so many cobblers in this vicinity that it is somewhat confusing to find the "old reliable James." See his "ad."

The attendance at the first of the vesper services at St. John's Church held at 4.30 on Sunday instead of 7.30 as heretofore seemed to prove that the change had been a good one. The Rector gave the first in a series of talks on "The Prayer Book—its Spirit and Teachings."

Miss Grace Lockhart will be assisted at her recital in Associates hall next Wednesday evening March 11, by Mrs. Barton Jenks, sister of Miriam O'Leary the actress. Miss Lockhart is well known in Arlington for her musical ability and it will be worth the price alone to hear her in vocal selections.

This (Thursday) evening a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars is to be instituted in Arlington, quite a number of persons having signed the application for the charter. The use of St. John's parish house has been kindly loaned for the evening. It is expected that Mrs. Ida A. Tilton of Lowell, Grand Vice Templar of Massachusetts will be present.

"What might have proved a serious accident" happened to Motorman Elliot Gove on last Thursday evening, and he had a narrow escape. Coming out from Sullivan Square late at night, in Somerville, the controller of his car blew up, burning Mr. Gove on the face and left hand. A doctor dressed his wounds and on arriving at his home in Arlington he was attended by Dr. Percy.

The following colleges will be represented this week at the College Fair at the Universalist church: Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Dean Academy, Tufts, Vassar, Institute of Technology, Wellesley, Boston University, Princeton, Smith. Supper Tuesday and Wednesday evenings; entertainment, each evening. Tuesday and Thursday, "Living Pictures of College Life;" Wednesday, Drama; "No Cure, No Pay."

Once again we remind our contributors that our time for going to press is Wednesday afternoon and that our forms are closed at one o'clock, and usually the Enterprise is on sale at the news stores in Arlington in the evening. Items of news and changes of "ads" should be sent in early in the week, and when necessary on Wednesday morning should be brief.

The Boston University College Glee Club gave the fifth and last entertainment in the lecture course of the Arlington Heights M. E. Church in the Town hall last Wednesday evening. A good sized audience was present and the program was a most enjoyable one. The club was assisted by Percy Jewett Burrell, the impersonator and reader, who delighted those present with his selections. The program was a choice arrangement of some of the best compositions and was one of the best entertainments of the season.

"HIAWATHA" IN INDIAN.

Every admirer of Longfellow's masterpiece, "Hiawatha," will be interested in the production of the musical drama or spectacle of this name which is to be given for a brief engagement in Mechanics Building, Boston, commencing March 18. For the first time to civilized ears outside of the Ojibway playground on the shores of Lake Huron will be given aboriginal melodies interpreted by native players aided by white chorus and orchestra.

Every year at Desberats, Canada, the warriors of the Ojibway tribe give an outdoor performance under the blue canopy of the skies of the romance of "Hiawatha." Here Mr. L. O. Armstrong of Montreal, and Frederick R. Burton, the composer, discovered the beauties and possibilities in aboriginal music and Indian drama. The result is a combination of a dramatic spectacle based on Longfellow's poem, with Mr. Burton's harmonization of Indian music. Adequate scenic accessories have been provided most of this work coming from the studio of Francis West, formerly a Boston artist. A selected orchestra of forty-five pieces, a white chorus of sixty voices and a genuine Ojibway band of about two score warriors, squaws and papooses will figure in the unique production to be given in Boston.

During the engagement at Mechanic's hall, Boston, performances will be given twice daily, afternoons at two and evenings at eight. The admission has been placed at 50 cents.

COLLEGE FAIR.

ARTISTIC DECORATIONS OF TABLES AND BOOTHS REPRESENTING VARIOUS COLLEGES.

One of the most novel entertainments of the season in Arlington is the "College Fair," which is being held in the Universalist church. The fair opened Tuesday afternoon and will continue Wednesday and Thursday evening. One of the principal features of the fair is the decoration of the various tables and booths with the colors of the respective colleges represented by the different tables and booths.

On entering it seemed almost as if one were in fairyland, with so many colors blending so perfectly. The ice cream room was well patronized and looked very inviting and homelike, while the candy table decorated in Princeton colors, was the centre of attraction, delicious home made candy was sold and made the mouth water to behold the tempting array. The vestry proved all too small for the crowd and business was good especially in the evening.

The following colleges were represented: Tufts—All kinds of fancy goods, Mrs. Horter and Miss Helen Kimball.

Yale—Neckwear, Mrs. Frank Bott. Harvard—Groceries, Mr. Frank Bott. Dartmouth—Household articles, Mrs. W. A. Brooks.

Dean Academy—Department table, Mrs. A. H. Kimball.

Wellesley—Fancy articles, Miss Amy Winn.

Smith—Shirt Waists, Mrs. Gardner Ludwig.

Princeton—Candy, Miss Edith Fowle, Miss Carpenter.

Boston University—Supper, Mrs. W. Winn, Miss Abbie Russell.

Vassar—Ice cream, Mrs. Fred Meade.

Mass. Institute of Technology—Food, Mrs. Geo. W. Storer.

A bountiful supper was served Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, from 6 to 8 o'clock, and the room proved far too small to accommodate those who wished to partake, it being a case of "first come first served."

The stage was erected at the rear of the room and Tuesday evening the drama, "No Cure, No Pay" was given by ten young ladies from the Medford Universalist church. Wednesday evening there were "Living pictures from college life," which will be repeated this evening, Thursday.

The committee are to be congratulated upon the success of the affair due to their untiring efforts.

AMONG THE BOWLERS.

The series of the Massachusetts Amateur Bowling League was wound up with the games of last Thursday, Charlestown winning the "Gilt Edge" championship. Newtowne finished on second place. By winning two out of three from Dudley last Wednesday, Arlington Boat Club broke the tie for the last place and finished next to the tail-enders. Rankin led in this match with a total of 588. The individual league championship is taken by E. L. C. Hales of Newtowne, whose average was 183, 37-42. In its game on Thursday, Boston Athletic Association created a new world's amateur record for three games, total—3018.

The Mystic Valley candle pin series are now well started, and Arlington began the week tied with Medford for first place, each having won five and lost one game. The game this week for Arlington Boat Club was rolled last night with Highland on the A. B. C. alleys.

Teacher—"Bobby, name the largest known diamond."

Bobby—"The ace."

"Is that my umbrella you have?"

"Most likely. Just bought it in a pawn shop."

Content lies so close to our doors that most of us step over it without ever seeing it.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS

Herbert Kendall is away for a few weeks on a business trip which takes him through Pennsylvania and other states.

The Shakespeare Club met at the home of Mr. E. P. White as usual, on Monday evening, and finished the reading, "As you like it."

Mrs. Edward Nicoll entertained the M. M. Club at her attractive home, last Thursday afternoon.

The Hawthorn Club will meet next Tuesday evening with Miss Sadie King on Westminster avenue, and the "Negro" will be studied.

Rev. G. W. McCombe made an address before the Missionary Society of the Lexington Baptist church, Wednesday evening.

The large Newfoundland dog "Sailor," belonging to Mr. Brandenburg of Westminster avenue, was put to death on Monday. He was very old and was losing his sight, but will be missed by the residents of the hill.

Grippe seems to be prevalent here, a good many being confined to their homes. Mrs. Richards, Mrs. T. A. Trefethen, Mrs. H. Frazer and Mrs. Campbell are among the victims.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH.

Tuesday evening there was a cottage prayer meeting at the home of Mr. Sheib on Elder terrace. Mr. H. Frazer was the leader. Wednesday evening the young people had a social gathering at the home of Miss Eva Frazer, it being a "Backward Social," everything being done backward. The meeting Friday night will be unique, and it is hoped all will try to make it most interesting. Those present will be asked to name their favorite hymn and tell why. The pastor will lead.

DR. G. W. YALE.

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WAVERLEY HALL STORE.

Feb. 22nd may remind one of Washington and his hatchet, but "Hatchet Brand" Canned Goods are in season all the year. Honest goods of superior quality at honest prices. Apples, Blueberries, Raspberries and Strawberries, Bartlett Pears, Corn, Cranberries, String Beans, Shell Beans, Sliced and Grated Pineapples, Crawford Peaches, Sliced Peaches, fine with cream, Clams, Clam Chowder, Succotash, Lima Beans, Tomatoes, Salmon and Salmon Steak.

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NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

They Originated in Japan and Were Masterpieces of Art.

In Japan originated the art of making and the custom of exchanging New Year's cards. Today both are as obsolete in the Flowery Kingdom as is New Year's calling in the United States. More charming art, more delightful custom, are not numbered among the good things that have passed away to suffer, in their time, let us hope, a happy revival.

For more than 100 years the designing and coloring of New Year's cards occupied the attention of the foremost draftsmen and wood engravers of Japan. They were made at the command of the noblemen of the emperor's court. In size they were from 6 to 8 inches, and each was inscribed with a poetic sentiment dictated by the noble giving the order. They were printed from five or six blocks, each color requiring, as in modern color printing, a separate block. The blocks were the property of the noble, who retained or destroyed them at will. No reprints for another were ever permitted. A nobleman's New Year's card was like his coat of arms or his sword. The surimono, as Japan's New Year's cards were called, were designed specially to please some ladylove.—New York Press.

The Picture in the Watch.

The following anecdote is related of Jerome Bonaparte: He had been playing cards until he lost all his ready money, then pledged his rings and finally laid his watch on the table. It was a small gold one, the back of which opened with a spring. A lady overlooking the game admired the watch and took it up to examine it. On her attempting to open the back Jerome immediately clasped it and said that must not be done. His wife, who stood by, insisted upon knowing what was in it. Grew angry, reproached him with having some keepsake of a favorite there and finally, bursting into tears, quit the room.

Jerome then opened the watch and showed to all present that it contained a beautiful miniature of his first wife, Betsy Patterson, with the remark, "You see, I hope, that I could not with propriety let her see it." It was notorious that he remained deeply attached to his first wife long after their separation.

Swelled the Conscience Fund.

The legislator took up his hat to leave the statehouse. It was in Connecticut some years ago. Tucked in under the sweatband was a roll of greenbacks. The legislator counted the bills. "H'm! Five hundred dollars," he said, and put the money into his pocket. Later in the day he encountered a man with a shifty glance of the eye who asked him, "Did you, ah, that is, h'm, did you find anything in your hat?" "Yes, I found something in my hat." "Well, it was a mistake." "It looked like one." "See here, that roll was meant for another hat, see?" "I see." "As it's a mistake, I suppose you are willing to rectify it?" "Not I," said the legislator. "I'm going to send that money to the conscience fund. Good morning."

Making Up For Lost Time.

Husband (to second wife)—You don't cook like Mary, my first wife, used to do, Alice, he said, in tones of gentle, exasperating reproach. No, it seems to me you can't cook like she used to. On another occasion he remarked: "You are not so smart at getting about as Mary was. You don't appear to catch on where she left off." About this time a heavy rolling pin came in contact with his head. "What do you mean by that, you?" he exclaimed, in agony. "I am doing the work that Mary neglected," she replied. There was more peace in that family afterward.

Black Bucks of India.

The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male when full grown is of inky blackness on the back, while the belly is as white as snow, the contrast being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads in the air from time to time in a very graceful manner, and some of them are almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking.

Roll Butter.

The young housekeeper who told the fishman that she wanted some eels and when he asked her how much replied, "About two yards and a half," has a rival.

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer. "Roll butter, ma'am?" he asked politely.

"No. We wish to eat it on toast. We seldom have rolls."—Chicago News.

Giving Authority.

A worthy parson, on being accused of cribbing, owned to it cheerfully, but added naively, "I always acknowledge the fact by raising two fingers at the opening words, and two fingers again at the end of the borrowed matter, to indicate quotation marks."

She Furnished Bulletins.

"Their marriage was a surprise, wasn't it?" "Well, his friends were surprised, but I believe her friends were expecting it."—Brooklyn Life.

Study is the bane of boyhood, the ailment of youth, the indulgence of manhood and the restorative of old age.—Lander.

Woman's Column

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Arranged for the Enterprise.

Give human nature reverence for the sake

Of One who bore it, making it divine With the ineffable tenderness of God! Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,

The heirship of an unknown destiny, The unsolved mystery round about us, make

A man more precious than the gold of Ophir!

—Among the Hills.

By inward sense, by outward signs, God's presence still the heart divines; Through deepest joy of Him we learn, In sorest grief to Him we turn.

And reason stoops its pride to share The child-like instinct of a prayer.

—Miriam.

Whatever in love's name is truly done To free the bound and lift the fallen one,

Is done to Christ. Whoso in deed and word

Is not against Him, labors for our Lord

—By Their Works.

On the ladder of God, which upward leads,

The steps of progress are human needs.

For His judgments still are a mighty deep,

And the eyes of His providence never sleep.

—The Preacher.

Not for earth and heaven,

Can separate tables of the law be given.

No rule can bind which He himself denies;

The truths of time are not eternal lies.

—In Quest.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will

Is moved by undreamed forces still;

And no man measures in advance

His strength with untold circumstance.

—Overruled.

God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,

They touch the shining hills of day;

The evil can not brook delay;

The good can well afford to wait.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST"

There is enough entertainment of every character in "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" to satisfy the most extravagant desires. Comedy, romantic drama and spectacle are artistically blended in the wonderful conglomeration displayed in this novel entertainment. From the rise to the fall of the curtain something new is shown every moment, and laughter and exclamations of wonder follow in rapid succession.

The ballet of "The Four Seasons" in which the Grigolatis Troupe of Aerialists introduce their marvelous Flying Ballet features, has created a sensation never before anticipated in local theatrical amusements. This scene, in addition to the enchanted Palace of Crystal in the last act, showing the Prismatic Fountain throwing water many feet into the air, satisfies the eye so completely that the spectator invariably considers it alone worth the price of admission. But these are only two of the thirty-seven scenes that go to make up the performance.

"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" will run for many weeks yet to come. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees are given each week. The spectacle is a great one for the little folks, and thousands of the youngsters are each week in evidence at the theatre.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Majestic Niagara, Empress of the World's Cataracts with its awe inspiring, imposing torrents of water, its rushing, swirling, twisting, terrifying rapids has been conquered, and by a woman. By making a successful descent of the Falls, Anne Edson Taylor accomplished a feat that has always been considered impossible and fatal. Her success has inspired Jos. Le Brant, the successful dramatist, with the idea for his latest melodrama, "Over Niagara Falls" which will be on view at the Boston Grand Opera House next week.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

At the Castle Square Theatre next week the attraction will be the English melodrama "Humanity," written by Sutton Vane several years ago. It has all the interest for which the work of this skillful playwright is noted and affords splendid opportunities for elaborate stage effects. The great scene of the ruined Abbey will be of notable beauty, and in that of the explosion an exhibition of mechanical stage work will be given that promises to be most realistic. The resources of the Castle Square Theatre will be shown to the best advantage in both scenes.

At the Monday matinee the usual free distribution of boxes of choice chocolate bonbons will be made.



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A Reorganization Sale

is now going on which should interest EVERY housekeeper who reads this paper. In recently reorganizing this corporation a great deal of stock was taken over at prices so advantageous that we can, FOR THIS SALE, give our customers goods of the BEST QUALITY at the PRICE OF THE CHEAPEST. For example:

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ROYAL WILTONS. Hundreds of pieces to be closed out. The assortment is very large. The designs are the finest, and the colors range from self-toned greens, reds, etc., to rich effects in Oriental conceptions. The makes are the well-known Bigelow-Lowell, Whittall, and the Croseley, Southwell and Humphries English goods, together with Templeton's Scotch Wiltons. Our former price was from \$2.75 to \$3.50 per yard. We have marked them at, per yard, **1.50**

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Literary Notes

A SPLENDID SUCCESS.

The splendid success which Mr. Munsey is making with the Boston Journal is only the natural result of his infusion of life and spirit into its columns. Every department of the paper has been made more attractive, and added to this is the establishments of features entirely new to Boston Newspapers. The daily social column contains the news of society in the principal cities told in terse paragraphs, the financial pages, both morning and evening, are models of their kind, and the editorial pages, entirely different in the morning and evening editions, are bright and crisp, though at the same time dignified. The new Journal deserves the progress which it is making in Boston and throughout New England.

New York's candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, Judge Alton B. political and professional career. The explanation of his being selected for standard bearer by the leaders of Democracy in the Empire state will be given in an illustrated article in The Boston Sunday Herald of March 1, which will include his latest portrait and pictures of his home.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

"The Little Host" will be followed at the Columbia by a new musical comedy entitled "The Knickerbocker Girl." Book by Geo. Totten Smith, music by Alfred E. Aarons. From all accounts, a bright and whimsical and tuneful entertainment may be expected in this last effort of Mr. Aaron's. Among the numbers which are expected to score, are a trio, "Just a Smile" sung by William Armstrong, Miss Lillian Bond and Miss Nina Randall; a ballad "Today" by Miss Grace Belmont and chorus a described number, "Terry the Swell" by Mr. Felix Haney; "Cuntry Life" a duo; "Pretty Polly Primrose," "A Little Bird is looking All the Time" by Josephine Hall, Messrs. Haney and Sloan; a tenor solo "I Only know I Love You," and comic song for Miss Hall, entitled "Brother Bill." Other numbers in Act Second are "Devotion," "Here's the Band," "Espanola Vivil," "Ma Linda Love," and "She's My Girl," by Josephine Hall. Seats now on sale.

An Index to Some of Boston's

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The Enterprise
should be consulted regularly
as well as the calendar.

DUMMY DEE AND THE BISHOP

By L. E. Chittenden

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Company

Dummy Dee had come to call upon
the bishop.

The bishop and he were very par-
ticular friends and therefore shook
hands, as man to man, in a very cordial
manner.

"I came," said Dummy Dee, "on very
particular business, and I would have
been awful sorry not to find you at
home."

"I am very glad to be here, Dummy
Dee," said the bishop, smiling at his
guest.

There was a short pause, Dummy
Dee frowning thoughtfully into space
for ideas and the bishop waiting to
hear the manner of his guest's busi-
ness.

"Are you ever lonesome, bishop?"
asked Dummy Dee at last, leaning for-
ward and clasping his short arms
around his knees.

"Yes, often," said the bishop, the
note of truth vibrating through his
tone.

Childless and wifeless and of strong
and often unpopular opinions, the
scholarly bishop was indeed a lonely
man, just now particularly so.

A controversial point had forced him
into a position where he stood almost
if not quite alone. He tried to believe
his position was a matter of principle.
His enemies said it was obstinacy and
dogmatism, and even his warmest
friends were silent and regretful over
the matter at issue.

He had when Dummy Dee came in
been writing on the point, and bitter,
fiery words were penned on the sheets
of paper that strewed the open desk.
He glanced at them now as he spoke,
and from them to the beautiful pictur-
ed face of his young wife, who had
died very early in their married life.

Yes, he was very lonely.

Dummy Dee nodded and looked
thoughtfully at the glowing grate fire.

"Nice things happen sometimes when
you're lonesome, though," he said by
way of giving a small crumb of com-
fort to his friend.

"You know mother is sick and down
south getting her health and father
busy at the settlement work, and some-
times I get kind of a stomach ache in
my heart and a lump in my throat."

"My, it most chokes me," he added
feelingly. "But just the other day the
summer boarder sent me these bicycle
trousers," sticking out his short leg
for the bishop to see, "or I never could
have stood it in the world. She knew
how I felt about kilts and aprons and
always having to wear something of
the other children's 'count of their
growing so fast and me not. I slept
with 'em that night in bed, and once
when I woke up and thought about
mother I just reached over and felt
of these, and then I felt better. Did
you ever try anything like that?" he
asked, looking at the bishop's trou-
sered legs stretched out on the other
side of the fire.

"No," the bishop replied bravely; he
had not thought of it.

"Then there are always things to do
for folks, you know, and that's one
thing I came to see about," continued
Dummy Dee. "I've been taking soup
and books and things up for the settle-
ment people to a little girl who lives in
an attic near the settlement."

"She's got a kind of mother, only she's
an aunt and awful bad to her. She
thinks something out of a bottle"—and
Dummy Dee lowered his voice to a
shocked whisper—"and she is awful
mean to Nora."

"What is the matter with Nora?"
asked the bishop.

"A spinal back I think they call it,"
said Dummy Dee, with a learned air,
"and I feel so sorry. I asked father if
he'd adopt her, and he said he thought
he couldn't. I've thought I'd marry
her if necessary, but father would have
to adopt us both then. What do you
think?"

The bishop's principal thought was a
desire to laugh, but he held his peace,
so Dummy Dee went on:

"She's English. I've told her about
you. She calls you lord, but I said
not lord exactly, only kind of next to
the Lord, you know."

At this the bishop could contain him-
self no longer, but put back his head
and laughed a pealing laugh that star-
tled the shadows in the dim, quiet li-
brary, and he only stopped when he
beheld Dummy Dee gazing at him in
wild surprise.

"Come," said the bishop, springing
up like a boy, "let us go and see
Nora."

"Goodbye!" said Dummy Dee, getting
up, or sliding down, rather, from his
chair. "That's what I wanted. Let's
walk. It isn't very far, and it's a fine
lay."

But before they started the bishop
swept up the written sheets of paper
and threw them on the grate. They
blazed cheerfully.

"Hi!" said Dummy Dee. "See 'em
frizzle as if they hurt."

"I intended they should hurt others,"
said the bishop softly, with a curious
smile.

Many curious eyes turned to watch
the two, the dignified ecclesiastic in
his churchly garb and the sunny, romp-
ing, rosy child, who, not altogether un-
aware of these glances, took them
argely as a tribute to his beloved bicy-
cle trousers and strutted proudly.

Two delightful stops were made be-
fore they reached the tenement where
little Nora lived, and they went on,
laden with books, games and flowers.

"Father says she looks like a picked
lower without water," said Dummy

Dee as they climbed the steep, rickety
stairs.

They entered the room in response to
Nora's summons, and Dummy Dee,
somewhat embarrassed, made the bis-
hop known to the pale faced child lying
on the dingy bed.

No one had ever seen the scholarly
bishop in so delightful a mood as the
two children found him that afternoon.
Nora's cheeks grew pink with happi-
ness and her eyes brighter than ever as
she listened to stories, guessed riddles
and played games with the bishop and
Dummy Dee.

At last the shadows grew longer.

"I've a last story to tell you two chil-
dren before we go," said the bishop,
"and you must be very quiet and listen
hard, for there is a guessing part to it."

"Once upon a time," began the bis-
hop, "there lived a man alone, and, as
sometimes happens to lonely people,
he grew selfish and bitter hearted. He
forgot the teachings of the one whom
he had vowed to serve, but tried in-
stead to serve himself and was unhap-
py, as all such men are."

"There came to him one day a dear
little friend of his who was also lone-
ly, but who tried to forget his loneli-
ness by helping others and was com-
forted by doing this. So the man
learned a lesson from his little friend,
and he, too, found comfort and happi-
ness as the boy had."

"Now, the man naturally did not
want to be lonely and unhappy and
bitter again, for he found the better
part, so he thought out a plan. He
would take the boy down south to his
mother, who is almost well, but not
quite so well as she will be when the
man brings to her her youngest boy."

There was a queer gurgling sob
that was half a laugh and half a cry
and altogether a mixture of home-
sickness and coming delight, and Dum-
my Dee shot himself bodily into the
bishop's arms, cuddled against his
shoulder and lay there sniffling hap-
pily. He groped vainly for his hand-
kerchief that could not be found, and
his fingers closed gratefully over the
bishop's fine lawn that he found within
his grasp.

"Guessed," said the bishop, laughing,
with a shake in his voice. "The first
part of my puzzle story guessed with-
out a mistake. Now for the second.
Then he took the little sick girl to a
white, bright room that he knows of in
the children's hospital, where, sur-
rounded by birds, books and flowers
and loving care, she can get well and
perhaps come to live in the lonely house
of the lonely man to brighten it."

Another little cry from the bed, and
Nora's slender, groping fingers sought
the bishop's hand. "Me?" she said.
"Me—Nora? Would my aunt?"

"I think so," said the bishop. "We
will find a way. But what a fine pair
of guessers these two are! Never to
make a mistake!"

When the kind hearted woman on
that floor came in to look after Nora,
her aunt being away serving time for
drunkenness, they went away and left
the happy child, already better, with
hope and joy working miracles with
her.

"You make up your mind the best
and quickest of any one I ever knew.
How did you think of such beautiful
things?" asked Dummy Dee as they
felt their way down the rickety stairs.
"It's a thank offering, Dummy Dee,"
said the bishop, with a return of his
curious smile, "for burning the pa-
pers."

Three Signs.

When I was a young man, said an
old timer, I was employed in an Ohio
town of some 1,800 inhabitants. One
day the town was billed from roof to
foundation in flaming letters, "They're
Coming!" One couldn't go amiss of the
big letters. They followed him every-
where, and half the town would awak-
en in the middle of the night with those
huge letters staring them in the face,
while they wondered what it all meant.

A week or more passed, and one
morning every one of those signs was
covered with another equally flaming
"They Have Come; at Town Hall To-
night!" And you may be sure the town
turned out in force. There wasn't stand-
ing room, although a liberal admittance
fee was charged. Inside a big curtain
excluded the stage, and to this all eyes
were turned as the appointed hour drew
near. There was a little delay, and it
was about half past 8 when the curtain
slowly rose, disclosing to view another
of the big lettered signs, only the word-
ing was different this time.

The sign read "They Have Gone!"
And you can bet your last dollar it
wasn't long before the townspeople had
gone. So the clever fellows had worked
the game successfully and got away
with a snug little sum, leaving only a
couple of townspeople to pull up the
curtain.

A Lost Art.

"Graceful bowing," remarked the
statuesque young lady at the head of
the tea table, "is fast becoming one of
the lost arts. Few are proficient in it,
and, indeed, the difficulties are many.
I am referring of course to men. Wom-
en are still mistresses of the art, but
not all of them, either."

"But I have seen men who were fat,
not to say tubby, and they find that a
mere inclination of the head is a bur-
den, for it induces disagreeable rushes
of blood to the head, and that is bad
for men who wear twenty inch collars.
And there are men who are tall, lean
and scraggy, and when they bow, be-
ing sensitive plants, they think and
make the spectator think, of stringed
parionettes, and they dread the smile
of the man in the street."

"And I have seen men whom the crit-
ical moment found unprepared, with
hands in pockets. And I have seen
them when they were wearing caps
and clutched vainly and instinctively
at hat brims, and I blushed at their
rottesque poses and involuntary carica-
tures of the line of beauty."—New
York Times.

NEW MAJESTIC THEATRE.

"The Storks," that merry, lilting musical
fantasy, which entered upon the third week
of its run at the New Majestic theatre, Bos-
ton, on Monday, and which is drawing
immense audiences at every performance,
is unquestionably one of the most fasci-
nating novelties of the season. Richard
Carle and Guy F. Steely have written a de-
cidedly clever book and the music, which
was composed by Frederic Chapin, is of
that bright, refreshing and popular kind that
invites encore after encore. Good voices,
good acting, gorgeous scenic effects, a large
and youthful pretty chorus galaxy and a
lavish display of costumes, all combine to
provide an entertainment of the most divert-
ing kin.

Commencing next Sunday night, a series
of charity concerts will be given at the
Majestic, when all star bills will be given.
Next Sunday night the bill be headed by
the "Queen of Comic Opera," Pauline Hall.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

The line of high-class attractions which
Managers Stair and Wilbur are presenting
at their Boston Music Hall continue to
draw large audiences to that attractive
theatre and at both the daily matinees and
the evening performances the theatre is
usually crowded, while at the Sunday even-
ing concerts it is almost impossible to find
available standing room. For the week
commencing next Monday afternoon, Messrs.
Stair and Wilbur have booked Spencer and
Aborn's big revival of "M'liss," a dramatiza-
tion of Bret Harte's celebrated story of
the same name and made famous some years
ago by the lamented Annie Pixley. Matine-
es will be given each afternoon. "M'liss"
will be followed by "The Little Out-
cast," with Annie Blanche in the leading
character.

Teacher—"Bobby, name the largest known
diamond."

Bobby—"The ace."

"Is that my umbrella you have?"

"Most likely. Just bought it in a pawn
shop."

Content lies so close to our doors that
most of us step over it without ever seeing it.

A Bluff That Worked.

Peter Newell, the artist, was camp-
ing out in Colorado at one time, living
in a tent. News came of a nocturnal
murder in the neighborhood, and con-
siderable uneasiness was manifested
by some members of the family. Mr.
Newell thereupon cut out some sil-
houettes representing men of the
roughest western type, all with pistols
in their belts and in the attitude of
men intensely interested in a game of
poker. The silhouettes Mr. Newell
fastened to the inner canvas of the
tent. At night the family, stepping
outside into the darkness to view the
result, were entranced with its success.
The shadows thrown from the sil-
houettes in the lighted interior indi-
cated a tent filled with poker playing
pistol shooting desperadoes. Thence-
forth the Newell family slept in pas-
toral peace.

What Is In a Name?

Once upon a time there was a credit-
or to a large amount whose debtor con-
stantly refused payment. The creditor
became impatient and after investiga-
tion found that the debtor lived in a
better house than he did, dressed bet-
ter, clothed his wife in silks, satins and
laces and spent dollars where he, the
creditor, spent cents. Then he was
wroth.

"I will sue the wealthy debtor," he
said, "and collect what is owing me."
He brought suit and disclosed a large
amount of valuable property; but, alas,
it was all in the name of the debtor's
wife, and he got not a single cent.

Moral.—There is often a great deal in
a name.—New York Herald.

Finished the Text.

Apropos of mottoes on houses, a cor-
respondent of the Westminster Gazette
relates that a man in Scotland wished
to have cut over the door of a new
house the text, "My house shall be
called a house of prayer." He left the
workmen to carry out his wishes dur-
ing his absence, and on his return his
horror was great to find the quotation
completed, "But ye have made it a den
of thieves." "We had a wee thing mair
room, ye see, so we just pit in the end
o' the verse," was the explanation giv-
en by the Bible loving Scot.

The Enterprise

ISSUED WEEKLY BY THE

ENTERPRISE PRINTING CO.

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J. STEDMAN, MANAGING EDITOR.

Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

THURSDAY, MAR. 5, 1903.

HALF A MILLION A DAY!

Five hundred thousand dollars for postage stamps. At least that is the cost to Uncle Sam for carrying the mails, for every working-day. For the next fiscal year an appropriation of \$153,000,000 is to be made. This is \$30,000,000 more than two years ago, and more than double the amount of the postal budget for 1891. Of this enormous sum all but ten millions is expected to be reimbursed by the postal revenues. The country contemplates this trifling deficit without alarm, and indeed is well satisfied to secure such vast general advantage to education, commerce, good morals and good government, to say nothing of domestic and social happiness and contentment, at so small a cost. The costs of mail transportation by railroad is now greater than the entire cost of the postal service during the first year of Garfield's presidency. Free delivery in cities cost more than the whole service did in 1867. Rural free delivery costs more than the whole service in 1864. Appropriations for this system, by which remotest forms are brought in touch with the centres of commercial and social life, began in 1892 with \$10,000. The cost next year will be not less than \$15,000,000. Twenty-two years after constitutional government had been established the total expenditure of the postal service had reached but \$500,000. The department asked for \$300,000 this year for cancelling machines alone, and gets \$210,000! What will be the magnitude and revenue of the department when we have what we ought to have, as England has, a parcels-post, a postal-telegram system, and the post-office savings-bank?

PROHIBITION BY LOCAL OPTION

Vermont, by the slender majority of about 1600 has substituted its prohibitory law by high license and local option. A majority of 1600 votes in a state which has given a presidential candidate more than 40,000 plurality, while enough of course, to determine the policy, hardly indicates that the issue is closed. Probably more than two-thirds of the towns in the state will vote No-License. Where licenses are granted, fees ranging from \$1000 for a saloon to \$10 for a druggist (who can sell for medicinal purposes only) will be charged. One open bar only to 1000 population will be permitted. The exclusion of the saloon by the will of the people, expressed by vote in each locality, is apparently, judged to be likely to produce better results than a blanket-measure of prohibition, unenforced by authority and unstained by public sentiment. On the whole, the principle of local option seems to be the most effective method of dealing with the liquor question. Massachusetts has not completely solved the problem, but she has made large advances in the right direction. To keep the public mind well informed, and the public conscience wide awake, to guard the areas already won, and to extend the territory from which the hateful presence and power of the saloon are excluded, seems to be a wise, safe and successful prohibition policy.

ALL SHOULD ASSIST.

While the office of tree warden was last on the official ballot, save the license question, it is by no means the least important town office and now that Mr. Brooks has been elected to that office he should have the assistance and support of the people.

The Tree Warden can do considerable toward exterminating insect tree pests, but unless he has the co-operation of the citizens his labors will avail but little. If all persons who have trees on their estates would destroy the nests of these pests, then the question would be quickly solved. The nests, if there are any, are plainly to be seen, now that the trees are free from leaves, and but little labor will be required in removing them. In union there is strength, and this applies to the extermination of these destructive pests.

NOTICE.

I take this means of informing my patrons and the public that I have disposed of my expressing business, teaming, furniture moving and jobbing to William R. Stiles, who will conduct the business heretofore conducted under the name of Warner's Arlington and Boston Express and bespeak for him the patronage and good will that has been given me in the past.

C. D. WARNER.

Having bought the business and good will of Warner's Arlington and Boston Express, I would respectfully solicit the patronage accorded the same under the former management and hope by fair treatment and prompt service to merit a continuance of the same as well as any other patronage offered.

WILLIAM R. STILES.

SIMPLICITY MARKED BACK BAY NUPTIALS.

A marriage ceremony which will be of unusual interest to Republicans, on account of the prominence of the groom in the younger set of the party, was performed at 21 Bay State road last Thursday evening, when Mrs. Helen Gage Dolliver became the bride of Mr. James Alderson Bailey, Jr., of Arlington. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Warren Hopkins, by Rev. John P. Forbes of Brooklyn, N. Y., assisted by Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham of the Arlington Street Church.

Only the immediate families of the bride and groom were present, and simplicity marked the proceedings. There were no bridesmaids or ushers. After a few weeks in the South, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey will make their home in Arlington.

Mr. Bailey is one of the members of the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Board, and is well known as a member of the bar. He is a graduate of Harvard and will receive many congratulations from his university associates of a few years ago. Both bride and groom are well-known members of the Arlington Golf Club, and he is also prominent in the University and other Boston clubs.—Boston Journal.

NO LICENSE RALLY.

The annual meeting in the interest of the No License vote was held in the Town hall, Arlington, Sunday evening, under the auspices of the clergymen of the town and the local branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Although the rally fell far short of the rousing and memorable gathering of last year, a fair sized audience listened to an able address by Prof. John Marshall Barker of Boston University. Prof. Barker was introduced by Rev. James Yeames who in his opening words referred to the objects of the meeting and the need of a substantial vote on the morrow. He spoke of the fact that he had been the speaker at the rally held seventeen years ago when Arlington turned back into the No License ranks after a period of the open saloon.

The speaker of the evening spoke at length on the need of organized work against the saloon, not only in Arlington but in all the towns and cities of the state and country. Prof. Barker said, that like all great social reforms, the temperance question must pass through three stages. It had got beyond the barbarian stage and passed into the legal state and was even now, as in Maine, passing into the moral stage, when with laws against the saloon, public opinion was being educated and interested in the seeing that they were being properly enforced. He spoke at length on the work of the Anti-Saloon League in its work all over the United States, and asked for the help and interest of those present in the work of this organization.

Mr. Yeames spoke a few closing words, referring to the large number of boys present and the interest they had taken in the meeting, and the audience dispersed after singing America, led by Warren W. Rawson.

DEATH OF WILLIAM WYMAN.

William Wyman of St. Paul, Minn., died very suddenly on last Wednesday of pneumonia. He had had the grip and was steadily gaining, when on Saturday pneumonia set in and death followed four days later.

He was the eldest son of the late Abner P. Wyman of Lake street, Arlington, and brother of Daniel and Franklin Wyman.

Owing to an affection of the lungs, he was unable to live in this climate, so disposing of his interest in the home farm in Arlington to his brothers he went to St. Paul, there engaging in sheep feeding business. Since he went West twenty years ago he has paid the East frequent visits, thus keeping in touch with old friends. Funeral services were held in St. Paul, Thursday.

Thursday the remains were brought East by Miss Mable Wyman, daughter of the deceased, the wife and son being too ill to undertake the journey. Arriving in Arlington on Saturday, the burial took place at Mt. Pleasant cemetery Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, Rev. C. H. Watson, D. D., conducting the simple but impressive service. Many friends gathered to pay their last respects to the deceased. The floral tributes were beautiful, showing the esteem in which the departed was held.

HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL.

The Arlington High School Athletic association gave their annual entertainment and dance in the Town hall, Friday evening. A most enjoyable program was presented by the Elmwood Male Quartet of Boston, assisted by Miss Knapp, the reader, and LeBaron Sheriff, the whistling soloist. All have been heard by Arlington audiences before and their second appearance was hailed by a full house.

The committee deserve great credit for the well arranged program, which was one of the best Arlington has enjoyed this season. One of the best rendered numbers and worthy of mention was the whistling solo, by Mr. Sheriff. After the entertainment dancing was enjoyed until twelve o'clock. Music was furnished by Custer's orchestra. The young men composing the committee of arrangements were: Messrs. F. Viets, chairman; A. Hilliard, F. Ewart, C. Gray, J. Allen; ushers, H. Gott, R. Grover, N. Cushman, F. Ewart, R. Dunbar, J. Allen; head usher, F. Viets; aids, P. Morrill, C. Peterson, F. Miller and M. Bodenstein.

There is a time in every boy's life when his highest ambition is to beat the snare drum in the brass band.

A MOTHER'S RECOMMENDATION.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by Laing's Drug Store, corner of Main and Spring streets.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Next Sunday—Second Sunday in Lent. Services at 10.30 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. Lenten Service—Wednesday evening at 7.45. Rev. George Nattress of Wellesley, preaches next week.

Bible class for women, Thursday afternoons during Lent conducted by Mrs. Allison Cleveland Haddon of Cambridge. Study of the Gospel of St. John.

UNITARIAN CHURCH.

The Unitarian club will hold its monthly meeting and supper in the vestry of the church this Friday evening. Mr. Horace G. Allen, a member of the Boston Transit Com., will give an illustrated talk on municipal transportation and the new East Boston tunnel.

ARLINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Young Ladies' Mission Circle are to meet with Mrs. Charles T. Bunker, 1251 Massachusetts avenue, next Saturday afternoon.

Dr. F. T. Hazelwood will make an address next Sunday on his recent observations in Cuba and Porto Rico.

The Y. P. S. C. E. meeting was led Sunday evening by Miss Carrie Fillebrown, the subject being, "Lessons from the Sermon on the Mount."

Rev. C. H. Watson preached on "The Supreme Prayer," last Sunday morning. Communion was observed at the close of the service.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Circle was held at 2 p. m., with Mrs. C. A. Chick on Bartlett avenue. The same afternoon the Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary society met at four o'clock with Mrs. Chick, when Mrs. Carpenter, a returned missionary, made an address on Japan.

Friday evening the subject of the prayer meeting will be, "What is the Worth of Prayer."

THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE.

The new government department will find verge and scope enough for the exercise of the highest degree of intelligence and judgment in the matters committed to its charge. The appointment of Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou is eminently satisfactory. The promotion of ability and integrity, the recognition of talent and character, irrespective of partisanship, is something upon which the President and the nation are to be congratulated.

The field of survey for the department is wide and varied. It covers statistics, labor, lighthouses, standards, steamboat inspection, coast and geodetic survey, immigration, navigation, census, and fish! Most of these matters are taken over from the Treasury department. Add to them all the newly created bureau of corporations, and it will be seen that the work of Secretary Cortelyou and his coadjutors will be neither light nor monotonous.

ARLINGTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner expect to leave for Washington this week.

The Woman's Relief corps held its regular meeting last Thursday afternoon, in G. A. R. hall.

Cosmo Caterino's house on Mystic street, has received a fresh coat of paint the past week and looks much improved.

The batten boards for the cellar of W. H. Dinsmore's new house on Mystic street have been put in place.

The local W. C. T. U. held a shredded wheat luncheon at Miss Nellie Hardy's home on Lake street, Tuesday afternoon.

The annual meeting of the First Congregational parish is warned for Monday evening, March 9.

Miss Gorden Walker of Arlington gave a recital in Gloucester last Thursday evening, which was highly spoken of by the Boston papers.

On the evening of St. Patrick's day the choir of St. Agnes' church are planning to give a concert in Town hall, under the direction of Miss Lucy Butler, the organist.

The Junior class team of the Arlington High school defeated the Sophomores in a one sided game of hockey on Spy Pond last Thursday, the score being six to nothing.

At the hour of going to press the injuries of Elliott Gove, popularly known as (Polly McLeod) are found to be much worse than previously expected. It will be remembered he was on an electric car last week when the controller exploded badly burning Mr. Gove, and it is feared he will lose the sight of one eye.

After twenty years of consecutive service with the B. & M. R. R. and its predecessors, filling the positions of gateman, switchman, and agent, P. F. Brosnahan has resigned his position as freight agent at North Somerville, to enter the employ of the American Audit Co., Boston, as an accountant. Mr. Brosnahan entered the employ of the old B. & M. R. R. in 1883 at Lake street station, Arlington, with his father, who was agent at that point. His duties were such as would permit him to attend school and in 1887, when the agency at that point was made vacant by the death of his father, the company appointed him agent, at the age of seventeen, making him the youngest employee, ever confirmed to a bonded position.

A. BOWMAN,

LADIES'

and GENTLEMEN'S

TAILOR,

487 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

ALTERING, CLEANSING, DYEING, PRESSING,

The Observer

Although missing election by the narrow margin of thirty votes in a total of 1078, the defeated candidate for treasurer, Mr. Bowman F. Wilder, certainly scored a personal triumph in polling so large a vote against a strong and worthy candidate, holding the caucus nomination and backed by the people's favorites, the "Committee of Five."

Certainly the victories of "Tom" Robinson and Foster Brooks seemed to please the "crowd" gathered in the Town hall when the results were given out on Monday evening, and the display of red fire and fireworks enlivened the scene in front of the Town hall, as the gathering broke up.

Such elections as the one on Monday are good for the town. I believe it was the largest vote ever polled and certainly the results were close enough to suit everybody, and through it all there was a spirit of healthy rivalry and good feeling that jarred against nobody and I heard one defeated candidate express himself "Well, anyway I am out of a lot of work." The vote on the license question shows that Arlington knows when she is well off.

While in the Town hall, Arlington, the other evening I took a peep into the room of the Superintendent of Wires, and the extreme cleanliness and neatness of the room impressed me. It would do anybody good to take a look at this model office and see the complete alarm system that Arlington is now possessed of. Certainly Superintendent Le Baron is the "right man in the right place."

It seems strange that the people of Arlington, especially those who live beyond the centre should "stand" for such treatment as they get at the centre transfer station. They must get out of every other car (for only about one in every two goes to the Heights) and wade round in the mud while waiting for the next car that goes to Arlington Heights. It seems as if the least that might be done is to place a crossing at this much used point.

UNITARIAN FAIR.

The annual fair of the Unitarian church was held in the vestries of the church last Wednesday afternoon and evening.

The following committees had the affair in charge: Mrs. S. F. Hicks, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. W. T. Foster, fancy wares; Mrs. H. F. Martin, Mrs. A. T. Marston, Mrs. F. S. Bryant and Miss Pierce, apron table; Mrs. H. B. Pierce, Mrs. C. A. Dennett, Mrs. Rice, Mrs. Cochrane and Miss Batchelder, kitchen committee, having charge of the supper; Mrs. F. Y. Wellington, F. W. Hodgdon, George Hill, F. S. Sutcliffe, dining room committee. The booth constructed of Moxie signs and boxes, was attractive. Here Mrs. E. P. Bryant sold Moxie.

In the Japanese garden the Misses Gage and Colman were in charge, assisted by Miss Edith Trowbridge and Miss Homer, all dressed in the native costume. The whole affair was very inviting, being hung with paper flowers and trimmed in true Japanese style, making one almost realize they were in the country of the Japs.

The bundle table was in charge of Mrs. Wilder and Mrs. Prescott; cake, Mrs. O. W. Whittemore, Mrs. G. O. Russell, Mrs. A. F. Tupper and Miss Homer; market, Mrs. J. Q. A. Brackett, Mrs. G. P. Sprague, Mrs. W. D. Cousens, Mrs. H. G. Porter and Miss Cairn Robbins; here vegetables, poultry, etc., were found. The flower table, the sweetest of all, was in charge of Mrs. W. H. N. Francis and Miss Bott. The handkerchief and children's tables were in great demand, and the candy table was the centre of attraction.



Are you Availing Yourself

of all the advantages to be derived from the use of up-to-date methods of lighting? Perhaps you don't know that Electricity for lighting the house is quite as reasonable as the old fashioned methods. Besides, it has the advantage of being cleanly and odorless, and no other form of light can compare with it for brilliancy.

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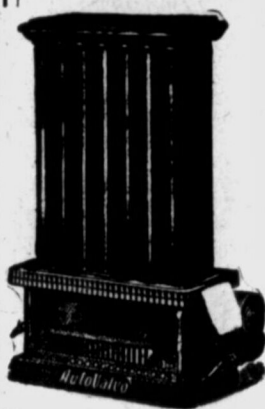
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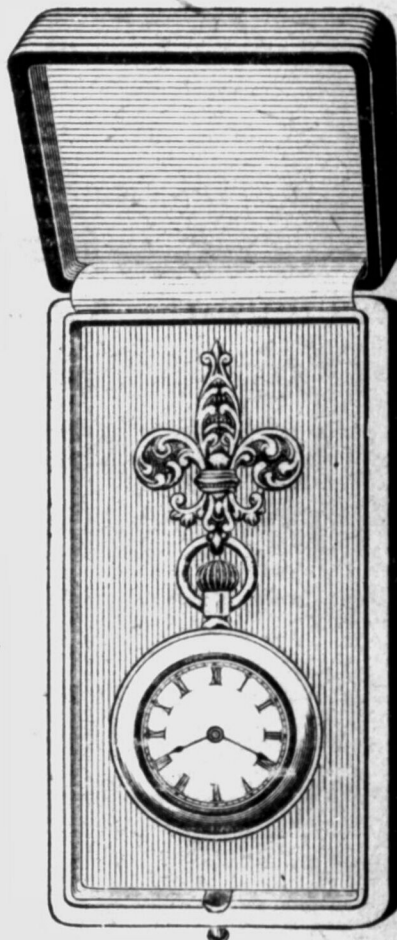
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120 Moody St., Waltham.

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In 3, 5 and 10 lb. Pails.

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Footwear.**

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SHERBURNE BLOCK, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE.

LEXINGTON, MASS.

We Give Green Trading Stamps.

HEARING BEFORE THE REGISTRARS.

The Board of Registrars of Voters gave a
hearing last Wednesday morning to the
signers of a petition against the placing
of the name of Edwin S. Spaulding upon the
official ballot for the office of selectman for
three years. The petition was as follows:

Lexington, Mass., Feb. 24, 1903.
To the Board of Registrars of Voters of
Lexington, Mass. The undersigned, legal
voters of Lexington, Mass., object to and
protest against the nomination of Edwin S.
Spaulding for selectman for three years on the
following grounds, viz: 1st. That under the
law no one can be nominated or elected
for three years. 2nd. That under the law,
the only nominees for selectmen must be
nominated for one year. Signed, Arthur D.
Stone, Muzzey street, Christopher D. Ryan,
Bedford street, William L. Burrill, Bedford
street, George F. Smith, Bedford street,
Bartlett J. Harrington, Curve street.

Chairman Caldwell, declared the hearing
opened shortly after ten o'clock and the case
for the protestants was begun by Homer
Albers of the State Ballot Law Commission.
Mr. Albers asked the board to admit certain
votes of the town, and which were part of
the town records, which they did. He then
said that he appeared not as opposing Mr.
Spaulding personally, whom he understood
was a most estimable gentleman, but as pro-
testing against the nomination of any man
for a term of three years, as an illegal action,
and this he proceeded to show in a plain
matter of fact sort of way, that gave those
present the impression that his views were
based on sound grounds. He clearly proved
that the section of the revised laws which
was in force, was section 365, and that be-
cause the case, Mr. Spaulding's name could not
legally appear upon the ballot, as a candi-
date for three years. Mr. Albers said that
he regretted that Mr. Spaulding was not rep-
resented at the hearing, as he wanted the
matter fairly discussed, and he invited the
board to ask him any question that might
arise in their minds, as he went along.

Mr. Albers spoke for about an hour,
and covered the ground in a compre-
hensive manner, without any flourish
of language. No one else appearing, the
hearing was declared closed, and the board

proceeded to consider the petition. After
considerable discussion the vote resulted in
a tie, one Democrat and one Republican hav-
ing voted together on either side. Mr.
Spaulding's name thus appears off the ballot,
but the matter will be carried to the courts.

HEMPLE QUOIN.

It is interesting to note that in the recent
hearing by the Board of Registrars of Voters,
that the petition protesting against the name
of Edwin S. Spaulding, as candidate for
selectman for three years, was of a decidedly
non-partisan character. It was signed by
both republicans and democrats, in fact the
chairman of both the town committees headed
the list of signers. The same nonpartisan
spirit actuated the Board of Registrars, as
when the vote was taken, it was found that
party affiliations were not recognized. This
is as it should be, and clearly proves that all
that is desired is for the town to be right.
It will be a matter of congratulation to both
sides, when the matter is definitely decided,
and the sooner this is done the better. As
one enters Lexington by way of Waltham,
a curious sight meets the eye, at a point
about opposite the Scott place on Waltham
street. It is a tree growing out of a solid
mass of rock, not an ounce of earth being
seen to give it nourishment. The tree, has
apparently reached a good age, and appears
to be in a healthy condition. I scarcely ever
pass it, without wondering how it came to
grow out of a barren rock, and suppose it
must have started its growth in a small fis-
sure or crack in the huge boulder, and as it
grew in circumference, it retained vitality
enough to keep the rock from crushing out
its life.

HEMPLE QUOIN.

The best physic. "Once tried and you
will always use Chamberlain's Stomach and
Liver Tablets," says William A. Girard,
Pease, Vt. These Tablets are the most
prompt, most pleasant and most reliable
cathartic in use. For sale by Laing's Drug
Store, corner of Main and Spring streets.

The race is not always for the swift, nor
the money for the man who has a straight
tip.

LEXINGTON.

The Verdi Orchestral Club will give a con-
cert in the Town hall on March 16.

The Metropolitan Water Board has had a
new water gauge placed in one of the rooms
of the town officers.

Lenten regulations for the government of
Catholics, were read at all the masses last
week Sunday, in St. Bridgid's church.

The Middlesex Gun Club, held its regular
shoot on Washington's birthday, at their
grounds off Woburn street.

Edward Powers having made a success of
the farm, which he leased a year ago, has
taken another lease for five years, and in-
tends to make extensive improvements about
the place.

Leland T. Powers and family arrived in
town Monday of last week, after spending
the winter in Boston, and are now comfort-
ably situated in their own home on the
avenue.

Wm. Hobbs of Lexington finds time to
indulge in his favorite pastime, hunting, this
cold weather. Last week he ran across the
trail of a fox, but failed to run him down.
However, he succeeded in bagging a mink,
and quite a number of muskrats.

The fire laddies are not a little elated over
the receipt of a letter of commendation from
James E. Crone, thanking them for efficient
service at the fire at his place last week.
This is the second message of the same kind
since the year came in.

A. M. Tucker was the winner of several
prizes at the Boston dog show last week,
second prize in the novice class going to
Cincinnati T., third prize to Starr's Dottie
and a first to Royal Prince.

Miss Ellen Downe, who was a guest at
the Sunlight dance, will form a class in
needlework and embroidery, open to Lex-
ington ladies. Miss Downe is a native of
Sweden, and was thoroughly at home
during the cold snap.

The Guild of the Unitarian church, ac-
companied by the Follen Guild, attended
a union service of the Guilds of both Con-
cord and Lexington last Sunday evening at
the Unitarian church in Concord.

The Hunt Block is about finished so far
as its outside appearance is concerned, and
work on the inside will be pushed as fast as
possible, in order to have the building ready
for occupancy by April 1.

Guests at the Leslie for the week are F. E.
Palmer of Brookline, E. C. Fitzgerald of
South Boston, W. R. Cramm, Boston, Miss
Hutchinson of Lowell, J. K. Benton Weston,
Vt., F. H. Copperwait, Brooklyn, N. Y., A.
C. Plant, N. Y., and Joseph F. Mason, Bid-
deford, Me.

Independence Lodge No. 45, A. O. U. W.,
will give a concert and recital in A. O.
U. W. hall on Thursday evening, March
5. The following artists will appear:
Reader, Emma Alberta Moore; violinist,
Alice Williams; pianists, Mrs. A. L. Graves
and Miss Emma Macomber.

The talk on birds, at the Old Belfry on
Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 24, by T. Schuyler
Mathews before the members of the Lex-
ington Literary Union, was one of the most
enjoyable of the season. Mr. Mathews
illustrated his lecture by the aid of colored
pictures, and also gave delightful imitations
of the songs of the birds.

Among those who attended the funeral
of the late Frank O. Kendall, who died
recently at Lawrence, were Major L. W.
Muzzey, Postmaster Saville and Charles A.
Fowle. Mr. Kendall was born in Lexing-
ton Jan. 8, 1834, and beside a widow and
one son, he leaves a sister, Mrs. M. E.
Bennett of this town. The funeral was
also largely attended by G. A. R. men and
Masons.

The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs from
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology,
gave a most enjoyable musical and vocal
entertainment, at the Old Belfry last Thurs-
day evening. The singing of college songs
bright and witty, was one of the features
of the evening. After the concert the bal-
ance of the evening was spent in dancing,
and here the boys from "Teah" won new
laurels.

The Hancock church was filled to over-
flowing Monday of last week, afternoon and
evening, when the Middlesex Central Chris-
tian Endeavor Union, met to discuss topics
of general interest. Visitors were present
from the Baptist and Congregational
churches of Lexington, and were hospitably
entertained by the ladies of the Hancock
church. "Moral Problems of Today," was
the subject considered, and among those
who addressed the gathering were, Rev. J. S.
Williamson of Haverhill, Miss Sarah L.
Arnold, and Robert A. Woods.

List of letters advertised at the postoffice:
Men—E. R. Patterson. Ladies—Miss Nan
Feehan, Miss Carrie Johns, Mrs. H. A.
Ricker.

Pretty Dorothy—"Tell me, honestly, pro-
fessor, what made you propose to me?"

Professor—"Dear girl, it suddenly struck
me that you would be a handsome addition
to any library."

BOER LANGUAGES.

The Different Kinds of Dutch Spoken
in South Africa.

It seems a strange thing to say, but
there are three Dutch languages in
South Africa. The earliest Dutch set-
tlers at the Cape were largely Dutch
sailors and others belonging to the low-
er orders of Amsterdam, Rotterdam
and other Dutch seaports. Their lan-
guage was a low Dutch dialect to be-
gin with, and although the sprinkling
of Dutch officers at the Cape did their
best to preserve the language of the
Netherlands they could not prevent the
dialect of the settlers from still
further degenerating into a mere collo-
quial patois. Its degeneration was
doubtless largely brought about by do-
mestic servants and slaves—Hottentots,
Malays and Mozambique Kaffirs—who
spoke it very imperfectly and intro-
duced into it many strange words
and idioms. This, then, is the genesis
of what is variously known as "Cape
Dutch," "Kitchen Dutch," "Patriot
Dutch," "Afrikaans" and "Afrikander
Taal." Its basis is Dutch, but the
nouns have lost their declensions and
the verbs their conjugations, while
grammatical gender and syntax gener-
ally have gone by the board. To the
educated Hollander of today it is a lit-
erary atrocity, and he cannot away
with it, but to the Afrikander it is his
mother tongue, the language of his
home and his childhood, the exponent
of all that he knows of humor and
pathos. It is full of expressive idioms,
pithy proverbs and pawk expressions,
like those so dear to the lowland Scot,
and yet it is not a language, for it has
no literature.

The second of the three Dutch lan-
guages referred to might be called "ec-
clesiastical Dutch," or, if you like, Af-
rican Dutch. It is the language of Hol-
land as that language was written
about 200 years ago. It is the language
of the Dutch Bible and very much re-
sembles our own authorized version in
its simplicity and directness of style.
It is the language of the Dutch psalm
and Gesang books and of the devotion-
al works of old Dutch divines, which
make up the balance of the Dutch
farmers' literature. In it are also writ-
ten many tracts and a few devotional
works by living ministers of the Dutch
Reformed church. To the Boer where-
ver you find him it is the language of
his church and of his religion. This is
the Dutch language which the leaders
of the Dutch Afrikander party are
determined to preserve. It is never
spoken by Afrikanders among themselves,
however, and it is never written gram-
matically by them in their correspond-
ence. The Boer has no fear that his
"Huis-taal," Cape Dutch, will die out,
but fears that his children will forget
or neglect to learn the language of his
church and of his forefathers.

The third Dutch language might be
called modern literary or "high Dutch"
—that is, the language written and
spoken by educated Hollanders of to-
day. It is florid, involved in construc-
tion and very artificial in style as com-
pared with the language of the Dutch
Bible. Its pronunciation has also
changed considerably in the interval,
and even an educated Dutch speaking
Afrikander listening to a voluble Hol-
lander can hardly make head or tail
of what he is saying.—Scotsman.

A Legend About Cats.

The ancient Greeks thought that all
creatures except cats had souls and
that that animal lost its soul through a
bargain made between a bridge archi-
tect and the devil. The architect had
besought the devil to get his help in
constructing an exceedingly dangerous
bridge structure, and his Satanic maj-
esty only consented to lend aid on con-
dition that the first creature to cross it
should lose its soul.

This was agreed upon, the bridge
finished in due time and the devil sent
to the opposite side to await his prey.
The shrewd architect took good care to
send a cat over before any human be-
ing was allowed to cross. On learning
of the bargain the cat recrossed the
bridge and scratched the architect's
eyes out.

Naming a Town.

According to a local tradition, prob-
ably invented, Sayville, N. Y., received
its name in a peculiar fashion. The
settlers were gathered in debate upon
the shore, trying to agree upon a name
for the place, and one after another
proposed his suggestion with, "Say,
how 'll this do?" After many sugges-
tions had been rejected some one bar-
ren of imagination but sensitive of ear
proposed that the oft repeated word
"Say" be made the first syllable of the
name and that "ville" be added as the
second syllable. The idea took, and
says the legend, then and there the
settlement was christened Sayville.

Favored the Clarinet.

"So ye're goin' to make yer b'y a mu-
sician," said Mr. Rafferty.
"I am," answered Mr. Dolan. "I'm
goin' to have 'im learn to play the
clarinet."
"Why don't yez learn 'im the v'l'n?"
"Because I want 'im to have every
advantage. A v'l'n makes fine music,
but a clarinet is a heap more to be
depended on in a scrimmage."—Wash-
ington Star.

THE TURKISH WOMAN.

Her Friday Excursions on the Sweet
Waters of Asia.

Friday is the only day on which
Turkish women enjoy a little liberty
and release from the dreadful seclusion
in which they are always kept, and
they are not slow to avail themselves
of the chance. On Fridays every one
goes to the Sweet Waters of Asia,
which consist of a small river running
about two miles inland, with trees and
meadows on each side. Hundreds of
boats assemble and glide up and down
the river. Every boat or calque has
two or more Turkish ladies on board.
The sight is a very fine one, as each
private calque is most carefully got
up, and the boatmen wear brilliant liv-
eries to match the cushions and the
long embroidered cloth which hangs
over the stern and trails in the water.
The khedivah of Egypt is one of the
finest, in crimson and gold, embroid-
ered with crowns and fishes. Besides
the liveries the parasols make a won-
derful show, and here may be seen all
the latest Parisian creations. The la-
dies must not speak to men, but the
careful observer can frequently catch
sight of veils lowered or other signal
given when a particular boat is pass-
ing, and habitual frequenters can point
out boats which are sometimes close to
each other. It is a very innocent de-
votion and would not satisfy western
ladies. An hour before sunset the po-
lice boats appear and force all women
to leave.—London Telegraph.

Scotland's Round Towers.

Scotland boasts of two round towers,
said to be stragglers from the great
typical group found in Ireland. The
one is attached to the handsome cathed-
ral of Brechin and the other stands in
the center of Abernethy, near the en-
trance gate to the churchyard. The
Brechin tower, built in six irregular
courses and rising over 100 feet, is the
more perfect of the two. It dates from
Kenneth's reign, 971-95, and has a most
graceful appearance. Pennant in his
history speaks of having, in 1772, found
handsome bells within its walls. These
were afterward removed and now hang
in a neighboring steeple. The origin of
these towers is now somewhat doubt-
ful, but archaeologists are generally
agreed that they were built in connec-
tion with churches "for defense and
faithfulness of watch" during the
Norman raids. They were afterward
used as belfries, the Brechin tower hav-
ing done duty as such for generations.
The tower is now one of the sights of
the ancient town and is regarded as a
memorial of its early connection with
Ireland.—Scottish-American.

The Changed Grizzly.

There are numerous reliable state-
ments of grizzly bears having attacked
men, but nowadays the grizzly does not
seek out his human victims, as there
are credible statements that his fore-
fathers used to do. Neither does he
lie in wait and pounce upon a hun-
ter, tear him into bloody shreds in de-
lighted fiendishness, as the old time
stories used to tell. The change in the
grizzly's disposition is likened by vet-
eran hunters to the change in the char-
acter of the white cousin of the grizzly,
the polar bear of the arctic. When
the stations for the Hudson Bay com-
pany were established, the diaries of
the men there often referred to the
fright of attacks by polar bears. Many
a navigator in the arctic seas has been
clawed and chewed to death by polar
bears. But for nearly a century the
polar bear has not been regarded as so
very fierce, and nowadays it is looked
upon as a cowardly beast. Association
with armed men has modified the polar
bear's disposition.—Outing.

Cobweb Pills.

In New England cobweb pills are
supposed to cure the ague, and in the
south a certain knuckle bone in a pig's
foot is a sure cure for rheumatism if it
be carried in the pocket or worn sus-
pended from a string around the neck.
Tracing the spider web pill, it origi-
nated in China, where all species of in-
sects have certain positive or negative
values in medicine. In Peking it is
customary to give two or three scor-
pions or spiders to a patient ill of fever.
In Ireland the peasantry swallow small
spiders alive to effect cures. From
these the cobweb pill of the New Eng-
land native was easy. In Flanders the
live spider is fastened into the empty
shell of a walnut and worn around the
neck of the patient. As the creature
dies the fever decreases until it is gone
entirely.—Rochester Post-Express.

His Question.

Sister—You've seen Mrs. Newpop's
baby, haven't you?
Brother—Yes, but I'm afraid Mrs.
Newpop must think I don't take any
interest in babies.

Sister—Of course, if you don't ask
questions about it she—

Brother—But I did ask a question;
asked if it could sit up on its hind legs
and beg yet, and she wouldn't answer.
—Philadelphia Press.

The best room in the house is the one in
which the children have the most fun.

CHINESE FESTIVALS.

Six Curious Feast Days That Differ
In the New Year.

The first day of the Chinese New
Year's feasts is called Bird's day (Kay-
Yat) and is supposed to bring to mind
the utility of the feathered tribes as
food. On this day all orthodox Chinese
abstain from eating flesh, and they
sometimes observe it as a day of fast-
ing. The second day is Dog's day (Ku-
Yat). This day is especially held sac-
red to the canine hosts of the Flowery
Kingdom. The Chinese, notwithstanding
the fact that they eat the flesh of the
dog and esteem it a great delicacy,
honor their dogs more highly and take
better care of them than any other race
of people. In every large Chinese city
there is a workman whose sole trade is
that of making coffins for departed
canines.

The third day, Hog's day (Chen-Yat),
is celebrated in honor of a hog that
once drew a valuable manuscript out
of a bonfire of trash. The fourth feast,
Sheep's day (Yaong-Yat), is honored in
memory of Pun Koon Venga, a shep-
herd who clothed himself in leaves,
grass and bark of trees, refusing to
make use of any part of the sheep, ei-
ther for food or clothing. The fifth day
is Cow's day (New-Yat). This day is
consecrated to the cow that suckled the
orphan who afterward became rich and
built the celebrated Temple of Cows.
The sixth day is Ma-Yat, or Horse day,
and is set apart to call to mind the use-
fulness of that noble animal.

Notable Paintings.

Probably the smallest painting ever
made was the work of the wife of a
Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with
the sails bent, the miller mounting the
stairs with a sack of grain on his back.
Upon the terrace where the mill stood
was a cart and horse, and on the road
leading to it several peasants were
shown. The picture was beautifully
finished, and every object was very dis-
tinct, yet it was so amazingly small
that its surface, so the story goes,
could be covered with a grain of corn.

In contradistinction to this the largest
painting, exclusive of frescoes and
panoramas, is Tintoretto's "Paradise."
It is hung in the grand saloon of the
doges' palace at Venice and is 84 feet
wide and 34 feet high.

Michael Angelo's fresco in the Sistine
chapel of the Vatican completely cov-
ers the vaulted roof, which measures
133 feet in length and 43 feet in width.
This painting delineates the creation of
man, his fall and the early history of
the world, with a reference to man's
final redemption and salvation.

Reassuring.

"Oh, Harold," wailed the lovely maid-
en, in whose expressive features grief
and indignation seemed to be strug-
gling for the mastery, "how can I be-
lieve you in the face of all this evidence
of your perfidy and double dealing?
The letter to Blanche, in your own
handwriting; her photograph, found in
your possession; the fact, as told me by
a dozen witnesses and tacitly con-
fessed by you, that you kissed her the
other evening when you were together
in the conservatory—how can you re-
concile these things with your contin-
ued professions of love for me?"

"All these things, darling," said the
hero of the story, the light of truth
shining in his dark brown eyes and the
impression of sincerity stamped upon his
noble forehead, "will be satisfactorily
explained in the next chapter!"—Chi-
cago Tribune.

No Time to Read.

"Pause, O youth or maiden," wrote
Andrew Lang in the Windsor Maga-
zine, "before you accustom your lips
to this fatal formula, 'I have no time to
read.' You have all the time which
for you exists, and it is abundant.
What are you doing with it—with your
leisure? Mainly, gossiping. Our mod-
ern malady is gregariousness. We
must be in company chattering.

"To be always with others, always
gregarious, always chattering, like
monkeys in treetops, is our ruling vice,
and this is the reason why we have no
time to read and why you see so many
people pass their leisure when alone
in whistling or whittling. They have
time to whittle."

Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo da Vinci, the celebrated
Italian painter, sculptor and architect,
died in 1519. He was born in 1452 and
became well versed in all the sciences
and arts of his time. His most famous
picture is "The Last Supper," painted
on the wall of a convent at Milan. He
is said to have anticipated Galileo,
Kepler, Copernicus and others in their
astronomical theories and also some of
the discoveries of recent geologists,
though his views are expressed in
somewhat vague language.

A Successful Tent.

At a small town in Kent a gentle-
man employed a carpenter to put up a
partition and had it filled with sawdust
to deaden the sound. When it was
completed, the gentleman called from
one side to the carpenter on the other:
"Smith, can you hear me?"
Smith immediately answered, "No,
sir."—London Tit-Bits.

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BELMONT.
LOST.—A fox hound on Monday. Find or please notify F. E. Poor, Waverley.
C. R. Suydam advertises at the Belmont Postoffice, letters addressed to the following persons, held for delivery: Mrs. H. H. Brown, Miss Margaret Mitchell, Mr. A. P. Roberts, Mr. A. L. Stone.
The regular meeting of the Belmont Hospital Aid society will be held on Monday afternoon, March 2, at two o'clock in the rooms of the Belmont Club, on Leonard street. Business meeting will be called at four o'clock.
The High School Literary and Debating society elected at its meeting last week, the following officers for the term: Otis Drayton, president; May Bateman, vice-president; Maude Lamont, secretary; Ethel Blaikie, treasurer.
By a decision of Judge Gaskill, announced at the civil session of the Middlesex Superior Court at East Cambridge, last week, a committee will be appointed by the judge to adjust the question relative to the proposed abolition of grade crossings at Belmont, Hill's Crossing and Waverley on the Fitchburg railroad. The subject has been agitated for years, and the outlook is favorable for an early and final disposition. It is understood that the plans provisionally adopted call for an elevation of grade four feet at Belmont and a lowering of tracks twelve feet at Waverley.
There was no match at the Belmont club last Monday evening on account of the holiday. On Wednesday the score was as follows:
Russell 116 164 166
Wolcott 171 166 174
Slade 142 138 147
J. Horne 137 161 145
565 619 632
Hill 134 168 162
Sayles 151 164 165
Fletcher 78 131 104
Poor 138 140 112
501 593 533

WAVERLEY.
Miss Florence Smith has been in Vermont.
Melville Higgins has become a conductor for the Pullman Company.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. G. Hall are enjoying a trip to the Middle South.
Mrs. G. C. Holt has gone to Palm Beach, Florida.
Mrs. H. D. Rogers has been visiting in Springfield.
Harry Scranton is singing in the boy choir of the Emanuel Episcopal Church, Boston.
Herman Higgins of the Convalescent Home, has become a motorman on the Elevated.
The March social of the Ladies' Union of the Unitarian church will be an old folks' concert.
Rev. A. B. McLeod preached at the Baptist church last Sunday evening on "Lessons from the cure of the Blind Man," taking the ninth chapter of the gospel of John as his text.
Miss Ray Harris was the unfortunate loser of a black school bag, with handkerchief, pocketbook and money in going from school to Kendall's store last week.
The hand-bills and tickets for the minstrel entertainment to be given by the boys of the Waverley Young People's Union, in Waverley hall, Wednesday evening, March 11, have been in circulation this week. A number of tickets are already sold, and we are asked to urge the necessity of speaking at once for reserved seats as but ten rows will be reserved.
The ball of the I. O. O. F. has been set for Monday evening, March 30th, and will be among the leading social events of the season. Wiggins' orchestra will furnish the music, and the committee of arrangements will be: T. W. Davis, A. E. Porter, E. A. Castner, F. L. Gorham, Frank Chandler, Wm. C. Chandler, H. H. Russell, E. C. Benton, W. G. Hall, G. Fred Kendall, John Mullen and C. H. Slade.
The Discovery of the Fork.
Some believe that the fork was in use all over Europe as early as the year 500 A. D., but if they were their use and the fork itself were lost sight of up to about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was either discovered or rediscovered and popularized. Walton, Weems and other antiquarians hold to the earlier date, because a stone vessel containing coins of the middle ages and some iron forks was found at Sevington, England, in the year 1834.
Obtaining Heirs in China.
The practical Chinese have adopted a simple way of obtaining heirs where there are no legal ones—the adoption of children who belong to side branches of the family. In this way the family line is kept intact. In the absence of male descendants in the side branches of the family the sons of strangers are adopted. The Chinese prefer this method to marrying second wives.
An Unreasonable Caption.
Witticus—I think the caption of this essay is one of the most unreasonable things I ever saw.
Criticus—How so?
Witticus—It is "The Decline of the Amateur." As any one ever knew an amateur to decline.—Baltimore American.
Spoke the Professor.
"Culture," sentimentally observed the doctor, "is like charity. It begins at home."
"Yes," said the professor, "but it is usually finished abroad."—Chicago Tribune.

NATIONAL PHANTOMS
GHOSTS THAT HAUNT THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL.
A Story of Specters That Stalk at Night When the Halls of Legislation Are Gloomy and Deserted, as Told by One of the Old Guards.
Like most repositories of good stories, the ancient man who has spent decades as a guard in the capitol in Washington did not yield up the fullness of his narratory riches without a struggle. "It's unpleasant to be made a mock of by the skeptical," he protested. "Do you believe in ghosts, young man?"
"If answering in the affirmative begets an interesting tale, I do," returned the writer.
"Well, starting on the premise that you do believe to some extent in the supernatural, I will admit you to my confidence," resumed the old guard, and here goes for the authentic yarn of the spooks that haunt the nation's capitol:
"In the long, monotonous watches of the night innumerable are the spooks, hobgoblins and the eerie, vapory things which glide from the shadowy nooks and crannies of the intangible nowhere to people the capitol's vast stretches of darkness. Of course you know of the extraordinary acoustic freaks which obtain in many parts of the great building—how a whisper, a breathed word at one particular point is audible at another scores of feet distant? Yes. Now, at night these acoustic spirits simply go mad. Where they by day were pygmies they expand into giants, and a whistle, a sudden sound, a footfall, resolves itself into a pandemonium.
"Weird, terrifying noises beat upon the eardrums of the watchmen as they pursue their lonely patrols through the seeming miles of corridors, and then the spooks, the shades of the nation's great, the astral bodies of those that tolled in obscurity for the nation's good, dodge the watchmen's step, some grand and awful in their speechless dignity, some creeping humbly about in apologetic silence, some laughing, some sobbing, but all of them horrible—horrible."
The old man paused to muse.
"Do you know," he said, breaking into his own reverie explosively, "Feb. 23 is a date dreaded by many of the capitol night guards? It was on this day, in 1848, that John Quincy Adams died in the chamber of the house of representatives, now Statuary hall, where the exact spot is marked by a brass tablet. Promptly at midnight on every anniversary of his death the shade of John Quincy Adams appears in a sort of phosphorescent glow over this brass tablet. Oh, dozens of guards have seen it from time to time as well as I, and I can refer you to many of them for affirmation of my assertions."
"Once over the spot the shade begins to gesticulate, after the manner of a member addressing the house. Then, all of a sudden, the fine face becomes distorted and agonized, the gracefully waving arms fall convulsively, and down sinks the shade with all the movements of an expiring man. Then the phosphorescent glow fades away, and the ethereal effigy dissolves."
"But, although lost sight of, its presence is still made known by the 'clump, flop, clump, flop,' of invisible foot-falls departing down one of the long vacant corridors.
"Stranger than this is the ghost of the entire congress of 1848, which appears in vigorous if spooky session every once in a while in Statuary hall, the old hall of representatives, as I have previously remarked. Inaudible, but spirited, are the debates; energetic to the bursting point of vehemence are the silent political dissensions. Provoked by a doubting Thomas, a member of the capitol night watch several years ago made affidavit that he had seen this ghostly congress in session. Yes, he was a sober man and true.
"The shade of General John A. Logan is a frequent visitor at the capitol. Almost every alternate night at half past 12 o'clock this ghost materializes at the door of the room occupied by the senate committee on military and militia. Silently the door swings open, and out steps the looming and luminous presence, to stalk in stately dignity away into the swallowing gloom. This is a favorite phantom with the guards. Its conduct is exemplary.
"Then there is the shade of Vice President Wilson, who died in his room in the senate end of the capitol, you will recall. Its peregrinations are few and desultory. When it does come, there is always an expression of concern and self absorption in the ghostly face. The movements of the vapory body are restless and hurried.
"All of the older members of the night watch are well acquainted with Vice President Wilson's apparition and never fail to salute it, although, truth to tell, the shade remains laughably indifferent to their deference. This spook rarely fails to put in an appearance when the body of a dead legislator or statesman of national renown is lying in state in the capitol.
"Deep in the subcellar vaults spooks of lesser magnitude revel in hordes. Immediately beneath the hall of representatives every night is to be found a tall, erect, gaunt specter, whose identity has remained a mystery for years in spite of unceasing efforts on the part of the night watch to uncover the secret of its origin and antecedents. Its hands are clasped behind its transparent back in a convulsive clutch, and the face evinces a condition of emotions prodigiously wrought upon. Many attempts have been made by guards with rubber soles on their shoes to catch this wraith unawares, but failure is the invariable result. Presto! It has blown into thin air before the sleuthing watchman is within forty feet of it."—New York Herald.

A RESOURCEFUL LAWYER.
An Inspiration That Won a Case He Considered Hopeless.
A Philadelphia lawyer tells the story that a picture of Fanny Davenport once won a case for him. His client was suing the Pennsylvania Railroad company, of which Wayne MacVeagh was counsel, for \$7,500 damages for the death of her husband. "Just a few days before the case was to have come up she happened into my office and announced that she had married again. 'Good Lord, madam,' I gasped, 'why couldn't you have waited until your case came up? It's next to impossible for me to get damages for you now.' She said she didn't care very much, and went out, seeming very happy. Well, it just happened that I had a photograph of Fanny Davenport on my desk, and when the next day Wayne MacVeagh happened into my office to discuss quite another matter he picked up the photo and admired it. 'Who's your friend?' he asked. I had a sudden inspiration, and I said: 'Why, that's the lady who is suing your company for \$7,500.' 'The deuce you say,' said he. 'Handsome woman, isn't she?' 'She is, indeed,' I replied. 'H'm' he exclaimed, looking at the picture closely. 'A deuced handsome woman, I should say. A deuced handsome woman.' There was a slight pause. 'What'll you take to settle this case?' he asked. I thought of my client's second marriage, and I fixed the figure at \$5,000. The deal was consummated and the case never came to court."

Paid In His Own Coin.
Once in a way Archbishop Temple of Canterbury would get paid back in his own coin. A delightful instance of this is recorded. The church people of a certain parish are said to have strongly urged the bishop to find another sphere for their parson, whom they wished to get rid of. Dr. Temple summoned the obnoxious clergyman to his study and suggested a change of benefice. What was it, the parson wanted to know, that his people had to find fault with? "Well," said the bishop in the peculiarly harsh, strident voice that so sadly marred his preaching, "if you insist on knowing, it's your voice they complain of; they don't like your voice." "How curious!" said the clergyman. "A friend was with me at the cathedral the other day, when your lordship was preaching, and as he went out he said, 'What a fine sermon, but what an unfortunate voice!'"

An Accommodating Witness.
The witness on the stand had been bullied by the lawyer until his patience was exhausted.
"Now," said the attorney, "you say you saw the prisoner draw his pistol?"
"Yes."
"Remember you are on your oath."
"I'm not forgetting it."
"You are sure you are telling the truth?"
"Sure."
"No mistake about it?"
"None."
"You couldn't be persuaded into any other statement?"
Here the judge interposed.
"Oh, let him go on, your honor," pleaded the witness. "He's a lawyer, and he doesn't know the truth when he sees it, and I'm only too glad to show him how so far as I can."

The Monument Was a Mist.
A stately granite shaft had been erected in the cemetery of a Massachusetts town in memory of a man whose life had been anything but praiseworthy. None the less the monument was one of the sights to be shown to a stranger, and one day a former resident of the town who had been away for many years returned and was taken to see the granite obelisk. He was no stranger to the faults and failings of the man whom it eulogized with its gilded inscription, and, after silent contemplation of the shaft on all sides, he said, "Well, if it's for goodness, it's too big, and if it's for badness it's not big enough."—New Haven Chronicle.

Trained Chrysanthemums.
Chrysanthemums in Japan are trained into numerous quaint shapes, like the old English yew trees, in the forms of peacocks, etc. In Tokyo there are gardens filled with life sized figures made entirely of the flowers and leaves, the faces being masks, and these chrysanthemum figures accurately represent court ladies, warriors, children and animals, one of the favorite characters being a young lady with a fox's tail peeping from under her dress and a mask which by the touch of a string turns into reynard's head.

Down With Impertinent Neighbors.
Mr. Mulhooly—Phwat fur are yez makin' such a noise on that plannny? Y'r drivin' me distracted wid y'r racket an' me head achin' loike it wud split in two paces.
Daughter—Them new neighbors nixt door has been complainin' of my playin' in.
Mr. Mulhooly—Begorra, hammer harder.—New York Weekly.

Not Acquainted With Him.
"Do you know Mr. Fresco. Mr. Albert Fresco?" inquired Mrs. Nurlich.
"No," said her husband. "Why?"
"I've got an invite to Mrs. Blugore's garden party, and she says they're going to dine at Fresco."—Philadelphia Press.
Mercenary.
Sue—So you are going to marry Cholly Sportboy. On what grounds do you base your belief that he really loves you?
Nan—On what grounds? On his real estate, of course.—Baltimore Herald.
Grief is the agony of an instant. The indulgence of grief is the blunder of a life.—Disraeli.

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TIME TABLE.
Subject to change without notice.
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville). 4.30, 5.09 a.m. and intervals of 5, 10, 20 and 30 minutes to 11.16 p.m. SUNDAY—7.02 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11.16 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE—Adams Sq., 11.37, 12.07, 12.37, 1.07, 1.37, 2.07, 2.37, 3.07, 3.37, 4.07, 4.37, 5.07 a.m., Sunday 6.01 a.m., and intervals of 5, 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.30 p.m. (11.30 to Adams Sq.) SUNDAY—6.01, 6.31 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11.30 p.m. (11.30 to Adams Sq.)
ARLINGTON CENTRE TO SULLIVAN SQ. TERMINAL, via Broadway.—(4.30 a.m. from Clarendon Hill Station to Adams Square.) 5.32 and intervals of 10 and 15 minutes to 12.02 night. Sunday—6.06.31 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 30 minutes to 12.03 night. Via Medford Hillside, 5.35, 5.35 a.m., and 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 12.05 night. SUNDAY—6.36 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 15 minutes to 12.05 night.
Waverley to Park St. Station (Sunday, via Mt. Auburn St.) 3.15, 4.15 a.m. to Adams Sq., 5.40 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 15 min. to 11.16 p.m. Sunday, 7.13 a.m. and intervals of 10 and 15 min. to 11.16 p.m.
C. S. SERGEANT,
Vice-President



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ADVERTISE.

EFFECT OF THIRTY SIDES

By Richard Kann

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Harrington had gone up spasmodically from small parts to leads. While he was playing in stock on the way up he had written a play. Of course the play was never produced. And about that time Harrington began to come down. His coming down had not been spasmodic. It had been certain and sure as fate. He seemed, however, able to hold a position as stage door keeper. He could be scared into coming around on time for successive weeks by the threat that he would be assigned to the billposter's forces.

And he was only thirty-five. Sometimes when he became very bad he would mumble something about "Eleanor." But mummings about "Eleanor" didn't excuse his condition to Buscoe, who believed that there was no reason on earth good enough to keep a man away from the theater later than 7:30 and no trouble great enough to need an extended stay along a bar rail to drown it.

So Harrington, with all his brilliancy, all his artistic training and his wonderful mind that could absorb thirty sides in a night, got finally to be a back door keeper. It was only because he never attempted to excuse his conduct that Buscoe kept him at all. He was merely penitent after one of his periodical attacks.

And Harrington was the back door keeper when the company moved into New York for a run. He stood, book in hand, checking the company as it arrived for a rehearsal a day before the opening. Harrington got the note, with a doctor's certificate inclosed, telling that Temple, the leading man, had brain fever. He turned pale as he read it. He was that kind of a back door keeper.

Buscoe didn't turn pale, but every one who heard what he said a minute later did.

"Send a boy to the manager," he ordered. "Tell him Temple can't possibly go on tomorrow night. Tell him that unless he wants me to use a bad understudy we'll have to postpone the opening."

Harrington came over to him. "I haven't sent the boy yet," he said. "You know I can get up in that part by tomorrow night. Maybe they wouldn't know Temple wasn't playing it. If you'll let me—" He looked wistfully at Buscoe.

"You could, you know," said Buscoe kindly, "but it's too important. They've been banking on this New York opening. A set of good notices will carry them the rest of the season, and I'd rather postpone than take any chances."

Harrington went mechanically back to the door. Buscoe held the company until he heard from headquarters. "Use the understudy," said the note. "Can't possibly postpone."

Buscoe walked over to the call board. "Company called for all day rehearsal at 8 o'clock tomorrow," he wrote.

"Now, Harrington," he said kindly, "you take this part to my hotel and begin on it. If you're letter perfect by tomorrow morning, you go on in Temple's place. At 4 o'clock this afternoon I'll come over. We'll work on it all night."

The hotel people wondered next morning what had been going on in "42" during the night. Two men had left at 7:30 in the morning with a bar bill of \$2 for black coffee. It had gone up regularly every thirty minutes since 4 o'clock. Around on the walls were pinned strips of paper with meaningless sentences written upon them. They took them down and read them curiously. They seemed to be passages chosen broadcast from a book.

They would have understood if they had known that the process of cramming thirty sides of typewritten manuscript into the brain of a man means that the brain must be stimulated with something and that strong coffee is the only harmless thing that will do it. They didn't know that a man's brain sometimes refuses to memorize past a certain amount, but that it will receive impressions of things seen. That was why some of the speeches Harrington couldn't get, although they were repeated to him endlessly, were written on strips of paper, pinned on the walls and stared at him through the night until they sank into his mind.

Buscoe had been cruelly insistent, but his methods had won out. Harrington, haggard and brain weary, went through the 8 o'clock rehearsal with but few hitches. Then Buscoe ran them through again and dismissed them at 12:30 with orders to report at 4 for a dress rehearsal. He dragged Harrington back to the hotel and again sent him over the part, this time with the business inclosed.

He went on that night almost crazed. Forty-eight hours without sleep and not much nourishment but black coffee did it, but in his brain were the thirty sides.

He played the three acts without a break, and he played them as Harrington could when he wanted to. But his big scene didn't come until the fourth. It was strongly written and intensely emotional. It depicted a final parting from the woman he loved, in a set lighted by blue borders, with the foots low. The exit of the leading woman was the cue for the first speech.

Buscoe, all attention, stood in the side entrance as Harrington began. He was playing it low, but fiercely, acting so beautifully. He had the audience

breathless. Suddenly Buscoe felt for the curtain signal.

"Heavens!" he said under his breath. "He's way off the text."

Out in the weird light of the blue borders Harrington raved on. Not a line he spoke had even been in the manuscript, but he talked of a parting from a woman. He was horribly earnest, and instead of cursing the woman he cursed himself. Buscoe jammed the signal. The big drop began to slide. Just then Harrington reeled across the stage and fell in a queer heap. The drop came down with a thud within a foot of his face.

Then from out in front came roar upon roar of applause. "They didn't know he was off," thought Buscoe.

"Harrington," he almost yelled, "get up! I'm going to give you a call alone!" But Harrington was past curtain calls. They carried him to a dressing room and tucked him comfortably on a couch.

He was asleep when the woman asked for him. She was too well dressed to be asking for a man like Harrington, Buscoe thought. Still, he asked himself, how did she know that Harrington was on the bill? The programme said "Temple."

"Nobody here by that name," he told her.

"I know he is," she said quietly. "I was in the audience. I am Miss Burton. I have known Mr. Harrington a very long time."

"Are you 'Eleanor'?" asked Buscoe quickly.

"Yes," she said softly.

When he awakened, she was beside him. So was Buscoe. But Buscoe left at once. He only knew that when Harrington awakened and saw her beside him he seemed to take everything for granted.

She came out a little later and asked that some breakfast be sent in to him. "He will be able to act tonight," she says," she told Buscoe. "He'll tell you about us when you go in."

"I gather," said Buscoe, trying to be diplomatic, "that you are what allied him."

"But I didn't know it," she replied, "until last night."

Breakfast For One.

That keen observer of nature, John Muir, tells in "Our National Parks" a pretty story of a woodchuck. In the spring of 1875 he was exploring the peaks and glaciers about the head of the middle fork of the San Joaquin and when passing round a frozen lake where the snow was ten feet deep was surprised to find the fresh track of a woodchuck.

What could the animal be thinking of to come out so early while all the ground was snow buried? The steady direction of his track showed he had a definite aim, and fortunately it was toward a mountain 13,000 feet high that I meant to climb. So I followed to see if I could find out what he was up to.

From the base of the mountain the track pointed straight up, and I knew by the melting snow that I was not far behind him. I lost the track on a crumbling ridge, partly projecting through the snow, but soon discovered it again.

Toward the summit of the mountain, in an open spot on the south side, nearly inclosed by disintegrating pinnacles among which the sun heat reverberated, making an isolated patch of warm climate, I found a fine garden full of rock cress, phlox, silene, draba and a few grasses, and in this garden I overtook the wanderer, enjoying a fine fresh meal, perhaps the first of the season.

How did he know the way to this one garden spot, so high and so far off, and what told him that it was in bloom while yet the snow was ten feet deep over his den? He must have had more botanical, topographical and climatological knowledge than most mountaineers possess.

He Went.

"I'm afraid I'll have to charge you full fare for that boy, madam," said the ticket agent as he issued a ticket to a sharp featured Boston woman of middle age and held out his hand for the additional fare.

"What for?" she asked. "He is more than twelve years old."

"Ain't you Tom Sanders that used to live in Greenwich about eight years ago?" inquired the woman, eying him.

"Yes, but why?"

"Used to buy your tea and sugar of Widdler Jones?"

"I believe I did."

"I'm the Widdler Jones. Recollect the last lot of groceries you had of me—those you promised to pay for in ten days?"

"Why, Mrs. Jones, didn't I—didn't I?"

"Those groceries, Mr. Sanders, ain't been paid for yet, and this boy lacked about a month of being twelve years old when you got them. Does he go?"

"He goes, madam," said the agent as he gave her a half ticket, with a sticky smile. "The boy is probably large for his age."

An Article Balzac Didn't Write. Balzac was once asked by a French publisher to write an article on the Rue Richelieu. He named his terms, which today would not seem excessive, but the publisher considered them outrageous, whereupon Balzac replied: "If I am to describe the Rue Richelieu in a way worthy of the street and of myself, I must know it thoroughly and must not upon any account fail to investigate all that specially characterizes it. I shall have to commence by lunching at the Cafe Cardinal; then I must buy a gun and a cravat pin at the two shops next door to each other. After that I must go to the tailor's at the corner of the Rue St. Marc." "Oh, don't go any farther than that," interrupted the publisher in alarm. "You would come to the Indian shop next, and things there are a fabulous price!"

BAGGAGE CHECKING.

What will prove a great accommodation to passengers on the Boston & Maine system, is the company's new plan of checking baggage from the North to the South station. Heretofore this could be done only on a through ticket, but under the present arrangement, a like privilege goes with a local mileage or any other form. For instance, a passenger leaving Arlington can, on application to the baggage agent, and by paying 25 cents for each piece, have his effects transferred to the South station without further trouble. The charge on baby carriages and bicycles is 50 cents for each piece. This arrangement will prove of particular advantage to the large number of summer tourists who go from points on the Boston & Maine to the numerous resorts on the South Shore.

We don't know who wrote it, but it is good:

If you toot your little tooter, and then lay aside your horn, there's not a soul in ten short days, will know that you were born. The man who gathers pumpkins is the man who plows all day, and the man who keeps on humping is the man who makes it pay. The man who advertises, with short and sudden jerks, is the man who blames the editor because it didn't work. The man who gets the business makes a long and steady pull, and keeps the local paper from year to year quite full. He plans his advertising in a careful, thoughtful way, and keeps for ever at it, until he makes it pay.

VENEZUELA.

The blockade of the ports of Venezuela is raised, and protocols have been signed which apparently secure a just and peaceful settlement of the claims of the creditors against the South American Republic.

A cash payment of \$27,500 has been made to each of the allied powers, and the adjudicated claims of Germany are to be met by five annual payments, \$68,000. To cover all this, 30 per cent of the customs duties at La Guayra and Porto Cabello are set apart.

It now remains to constitute a commission for the adjustment of unsettled claims, to determine the amounts to be paid, and to secure such conditions in Venezuela as shall guarantee an honest and efficient administration. The United States has succeeded by skilful diplomacy, in relieving a situation which was full of difficulty and danger. Its good offices will still be required, if unquestioned American rights and legitimate European claims are to be alike respected.

ALASKA'S BOUNDARY.

As we intimated in an advance note of two weeks since the long disputed question as to British and American territory in the Northwest, is in a fair way to be finally and happily closed.

The Senate has ratified the treaty, by which an equal commission of eminent jurists from both countries will draw the line on the map which will determine just where the friendly flags of the two English-speaking nations shall fly. It is not surprising that differences of opinion have existed as to what were the rights involved, seeing that those who made former treaties were absolutely ignorant of the physical conditions. But it will be surprising, and is indeed we hope impossible that an equal commission of wise and good men should not succeed in reaching a conclusion that will be absolutely just, and wholly satisfactory to the parties they represent.

THE TRUCE IN IRELAND.

A remarkable hush of contention, fraught with promise of abiding peace and advancing prosperity, broods over long-distressed Ireland. The settlement of a controversy which has lasted for centuries, and which has been marked by blood and flame seems to be near at hand. The marvellous sight is witnessed of Nationalists, Unionists, landlords and tenants for the first time in peaceful conference and happy agreement. They are united in urging upon the government to adopt the recommendations of the Dunraven Conference. The Duke of Abercorn and John Redmond are in positive union. They agree in saying that if Secretary Wyndham's forthcoming bill is made to accord with the spirit of the Dublin Conference the most extraordinary peaceful revolution ever effected, will be accomplished. Indeed, the "topsy-turvydom" (to quote Lord Dunraven) now prevailing in Irish politics is bewildering and delightful. The lion would seem to be going to lie down with the lamb—outside—at last!

The government is not likely to stand on quibbles, and all signs point to concession to the united demands of landlords and tenants. The great difficulty, the only obstacle, is the cost of establishing tenant-proprietorship. This is likely to be \$3,500,000 yearly. But, as the Duke of Abercorn says, "It surely would be cheap at that price." And then the era of good order, peace and prosperity, which would ensue, would mean the saving of much expenditure. But, with a new Transvaal loan to be raised, and the present heavy taxation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds himself in a tight place. Yet to bring Englishmen and Irishmen together in brotherly accord, to introduce a new period of harmony and happiness for Ireland and the nation, to bring peace and prosperity to the Green Isle, would be worth ten-fold the price. And perhaps even Brother Jonathan would help John Bull raise the needed loan!

There is a time in every boy's life when his highest ambition is to beat the snare drum in the brass band.

A MOTHER'S RECOMMENDATION.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by Laing's Drug Store, corner of Main and Spring streets.

REELFOOT LAKE.

Its Great Sunken Forest and the Game With Which It Abounds.

Mississippi river shooting is varied with trips to the sunken lands, which begin near Hickman, Ky., and extend south several hundred miles on both sides of the river. This territory was covered with a dense forest of large trees before the land was submerged by the earthquake of 1811. On the Tennessee side Reelfoot lake, eighty miles long, was formed. Reelfoot lake is only three miles from the river at Upper Slough Landing and the same distance at Tiptonville, Tenn. The dense forest is still standing. The limbs and bark have rotted and dropped off years ago, leaving the bleached trunks standing like marble columns in water sixty feet deep, so close together that it is difficult to move a skiff among them. Some have rotted off at the water level, and others are hollow, making good blinds. The flight of wild fowl on Reelfoot lake is beyond the comprehension of the average sportsman. There are ducks, geese, cormorants, called water turkeys; cranes, water hens and snipe. They all keep up a chatter which makes the sunken forest ring. From the tops of the trees eagles, hawks and owls contribute piercing screeches to the continuous din.—Outing.

Apprenticed For Life.

"Have you ever encountered the child who in the matter of smart sayings and straight truths is an absolute terror to all with whom he may chance to come into contact?" said an anxious parent recently. "Because if not I should like to introduce you to that boy of mine."

"What has your boy done, then?" inquired his friend.

"What has he done?" said the parent. "Why, he's always at it. Only this morning he came to me and asked what it meant to be apprenticed. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done and had to make himself useful in every way possible."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, after a few moments the young rascal edged up to me and said, 'Then I suppose you're apprenticed to ma, ain't you, dad?'"

The Bagdad Button.

A man recently returned from Turkey in Asia was showing some souvenirs of his trip. "There's one thing I didn't bring back with me, and that's a Bagdad button," he said. "I'm just as well satisfied that I didn't too. A Bagdad button? Well, I'll tell you about it. Every person who goes to Bagdad and stays there for six months is afflicted with a peculiar boil that leaves a scar about the size of a half dollar. It may come on the face or on some part of the body, but it is bound to come if you stay there long enough. I didn't. I got out just as soon as I could. Children who are born in Bagdad always come into the world with this mark, which is known as the Bagdad button."—Philadelphia Record.

Mortifying Advice.

A federal officeholder tells of campaigning in Kentucky with another stump speaker. The latter thought to make a good impression in the famous distillery town of Owensboro, and in his speech there sounded the praises of whisky. "Why, gentlemen," said he, "I have noticed in my reading of history and biography that all great men drank liquor. I tell you, whisky makes men smart."

"What's that?" said an old farmer who was a noted teetotaler.

"Whisky makes men smart," reiterated the orator, "and I challenge denial."

"Then," said the farmer, "you'd better get a couple of barrels and begin on it at once."

Early Marriage in China.

It is nothing rare in China for boys twelve to fourteen years old to marry. The physical, moral and intellectual development of the contracting parties has nothing to do with the matter. Other considerations entirely regulate the affair. An old Chinese aphorism says that the great business of life is ended when the sons and daughters are married. The Chinese parents do not care to run the danger of postponing the marriage of their children, especially of their sons, until after their own death.

Didn't Seem Funny.

Little Johnny—That young man who comes to see you must be pretty poor company. He hasn't any sense of humor.

Sister—Why do you think so? Little Johnny—I told him all about the funny way you rush about and bang doors when you get in a temper, and he didn't laugh a bit.

An Empty Assurance.

"He says he'd share his last dollar with me."

"Yes," said the man who looks at things coldly, "but he is a man who will take precious good care never to get down to his last dollar."—Washington Star.

The Real Article.

Sillicus—Everybody says he is a genius.

Cynicus—Then I guess he might be. It takes genius to convince other people that you are one.—Philadelphia Record.

Horses are like eggs. It is impossible to tell what's in them until they are broken.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of permanent for temporary advantage.—Bovee.



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Samples of these watches are on exhibit at our Watertown Office,

49 SPRING STREET.



Mr. Editor:—I have learned of a very simple home treatment which is of interest to every suffering woman, as it will positively cure any case of leucorrhoea, painful periods, displacements or irregularities, and I would be pleased to have you inform your lady readers that I have decided to send it out free to all, as I feel it my duty to place it in the hands of every suffering woman. I had the pleasure of hearing from thousands of ladies in reply to my notice last year and I am now receiving many letters daily thanking me for the perfect health they have regained through my advice. I can refer almost any lady to some one in her locality who has been blessed by this treatment, and I hope all who are in need of such relief will write to me at once, for as I send the treatment free it will cost nothing to be convinced of its merits.

It should be in the hands of every suffering woman and all who wish the treatment should not delay, address at once,

MABEL E. RUSH,

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The publishers of this paper take pleasure in recommending that every woman who is in need of such treatment should avail herself of this offer at once, as certainly such a benevolent offer is worthy of attention.

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Any person sending us five new cash subscribers for one year will be entitled to the ENTERPRISE for one year, for his trouble.

Advertisers and others will please take notice that we go to press regularly every Wednesday afternoon and cannot insure the insertion of long communications after Tuesday noon.

Communications for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Notices of local entertainments to which admission is charged must be paid for at regular rates.

LEXINGTON

ELECTION DAY.

The women of Lexington took more interest in the election than the men.

The cause undoubtedly was the rousing meeting held last week in the interest of the schools, and the women succeeded in electing both their candidates to the School Board.

Out of a total registration of 294, 239 women exercised the right to vote.

E. S. Spaulding, against whose name appearing on the official ballot there was a hearing by the Board of Registrars, was elected selectman for three years having no opposition.

The result of the election was as follows: Overseers of the Poor and Surveyors of Highways, J. F. Hutchinson, E. S. Spaulding and Henry C. Woodward. Joseph P. Ryan polled a large vote for the school board, but the heavy woman vote elected his opponent Mrs. Carratt, Sarah E. Robinson, Francis B. Garrison, Rev. F. A. Macdonald and Dr. F. S. Piper were elected as members of the school board. George B. Harrington was elected town clerk and treasurer, George H. Cutter, Charles G. Kauffmann and E. S. Locke, assessors. Loring Muzzey, collector; George H. Jackson, cemetery commissioner; Hilman B. Sampson and H. Eugene Tuttle, auditors; Josiah O. Tilton, board of health; Thaddeus L. Bruce, water commissioner; W. B. Foster and C. H. Franks, constables; Robert P. Clapp, sewer commissioner and C. D. Wellington, tree warden.

NO LICENSE RALLY.

The Town hall was filled last Sunday evening by the friends of no license, and many ringing addresses were made to keep Lexington in the no license column.

The meeting was presided over by Rev. C. F. Carter of the Hancock church, who made a stirring address urging all to go to the polls and do their duty.

He introduced as the first speaker, Edward P. Nichols of this town who spoke from the standpoint of "The Reasons Why."

Mr. Nichols is an eloquent talker, and presented his side of the question in a manner that caught the good will of his audience.

He pictured Lexington as a growing town, and one that is bound to attract a desirable class of residents.

In order to do this, it was necessary to keep Lexington clean and wholesome, for people of means do not desire to locate where liquor is sold publicly.

They avoid such towns and as Lexington now has the very best railroad accommodations, the town is bound to increase in numbers.

He also urged the voters to see that they made it a part of their duty to mark a cross opposite the word, "No."

Rev. Charles A. Littlefield of Lynn, gave a most practical talk on the lessons drawn from his own experience in fighting no license.

He urged the voters to give the question of license their careful consideration, and as eternal vigilance was the price of liberty, so continued agitation was the only safeguard for Lexington to hold to her record for no license. He showed how the vote in Lexington, for the past five years was near the danger mark, and called on all the voters to not only vote for the head of the ticket, but keep going down the list, and register a vote for no license.

During the evening excellent music was rendered by a male quartet from Boston.

DEATH OF MRS. ANNIE M. PARKER.

Mrs. Annie M. Parker died at the home of Lyman Lawrence on Muzzey street, last Saturday morning, quite suddenly.

Mrs. Parker, who is the widow of Dr. Moses Parker of Groveland, was taken ill Friday night at 5 o'clock and expired about six the next morning.

Deceased was born in Ashby, Mass., about 72 years ago, and for a number of years had spent her winters in Lexington, making her home with her cousin, Lyman Lawrence.

Mrs. Parker was a member of the Orthodox church of Groveland, and was very active in parish work.

Her remains were taken to that place Saturday afternoon, when the funeral was held, and she was laid away beside her husband.

Mr. Wm. Hutton, agent for Henry W. Savage, reports the sale of seven acres of land located on Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street, Lexington, belonging to the heirs of Mrs. P. B. Fiske, to Mr. A. J. Wilson of Lexington.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Majestic Niagara, Empress of the World's Cataracts with its awe inspiring, imposing torrents of water, its rushing, swirling, twisting, terrifying rapids has been conquered and by a woman. By making a successful descent of the Falls, Anne Edson Taylor accomplished a feat that has always been considered impossible and fatal. Her success has inspired Jos. Le Brant, the successful dramatist, with the idea for his latest melodrama, "Over Niagara Falls" which will be on view at the Boston Grand Opera House next week.

ETHICS OF KISSING.

A WOMAN'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT OF OSCULATION.

Those Men Upon Whom a Modest Maiden May Lavish Kisses Without Compunction and Those Toward Whom She Should Play the Miser.

There are still occasions, however rare, when inactivity, much as it has fallen into disfavor, continues to be mastered. When a modest maiden is in doubt as to whether or no she should kiss or allow herself to be kissed by any man not related to her by close ties of consanguinity, she best displays her wisdom by giving herself, not him, the benefit of the doubt and so refraining from osculation.

An absolutely safe list of men whom it is allowable to kiss might be compiled from the list given in the Book of Common Prayer of persons whom it is forbidden to marry. There can be no possible impropriety in any woman's being kissed by her father, grandfather, brother, uncles, etc., whenever occasion may offer. Still, public opinion is much less in favor of kissing than of yore, and affectionate greetings are no longer considered good form in market places or what answers for them in the present generation.

To the prayer book may be added cousins within the degrees forbidden in marriage by the Roman Catholic church, but these in moderation. The young man cousin who is greedy in the matter of kisses from his pretty cousin is not to be trusted. He

Should be denied And set aside and mortified.

Kisses of greeting or parting, of good night, good morning and of congratulation are still general, although by no means so frequent as they were formerly. Indeed, kissing as a practice is much less popular than it once was. Between doctors and the moralists it is constantly falling more and more into disfavor, while, still more fatal, Fashion, with a big F, sets her face as a flint against all demonstrations of feeling as ill bred.

All the same, the man who becomes engaged to be married, as a usual thing, expects a kiss from his fiancée to seal the bargain, not for publication, so to say, but as a guaranteed good faith on her part. If she is willing to promise to marry him, he reasons, she ought to be willing to let him kiss her. Moreover, he desires a kiss or kisses upon general principles as something to which he is entitled by the unwritten law of tradition. On the other hand, the party of the second part has herself to consider in the matter. A woman should be sure of her own bona fide intentions of matrimony and doubly sure of those of her lover before she sets such a sign and seal to the contract. Engagements of marriage are by no means irrefragable, and she who kisses least is likely to have least cause for future regret. At all events a prudent woman will wait until the engagement is announced before she permits any kissing. There are men who have serious objections to marrying any woman who has been engaged to another man, for the simple reason that they do not choose that any man shall be able to say of the woman whom they take to wife that he has kissed her as her lover. It matters little, rather more, that the kisses have been given in good faith to an affianced husband. It's a way men have.

Sir, she's yours! You have brushed from the grape its soft blue. From the rosebud you've shaken the delicate dew. What you've touched you may take—

A noted "lady killer" of a past generation who had been engaged many times and who boasted to his intimates that no woman had ever refused an offer of his hand in marriage was once asked why in that case he was still a bachelor. "Because I am waiting until I can find a woman who will not permit me to kiss her before we are married," he replied.

Even though a woman be fully assured of the inevitableness in due time of her marriage she will be wise not to be too liberal of her caresses. Most things in this world are rated as valuable in direct proportion to their rarity. Were diamonds as common as pebbles they would be worth no more commercially than the common stones of the beach and highway. Moreover, one may have too much of a good thing. King Midas' story is an old one. "Too much water drowned the miller." It is a common practice with confectioners to allow a new apprentice all the candy which he or she can eat, certain that in a little while the surfeit of sweet will destroy all taste for sugar in any form. It is human nature essentially to tire of what we have much of and to prize most the fruit which hangs highest and is most difficult to obtain.

Consequently the woman who is chary of her favors, who is niggardly even with her caresses, will find that her lover values them all the more, and that his respect, as well as his affection, for her becomes the greater in proportion as he hopes rather than is sure of her. It has long been a maxim that no man shall kiss and tell; nevertheless, the woman is safest by far of whom there is nothing which it were better if were left untold.—Helen Oldfield in Chicago Tribune.

Privileged Person.

Caller—Well, the nerve of that! Merchant—What's that? Caller—Why, didn't you hear that snip of a boy referring to you as "Bill?"

Merchant—Sh! That's our office boy. So long as I can pretend I didn't hear him it's all right.—Catholic Standard and Times.

At twenty love is a rosy dream, at thirty it is a thrilling reality, at forty it is a calm contentment, at fifty it is a reminiscence.

A MARVELOUS STRUCTURE.

The Grandeur of the Great Natural Bridge in Virginia.

Virginia is a state which abounds with springs which have medicinal properties. It is also a state in which nearly every foot of ground has historic associations, and this fact, together with its glorious landscapes, makes it an unusually interesting state to visit. There are thousands of resorts, each of which has its own special attractions, but none has attracted more visitors than the resorts in the vicinity of the Great Natural Bridge, which is one of the natural wonders of the United States.

This marvelous structure overlooks the James river valley, being on the western slope of the Blue mountains. It is just about the center of the state. It approaches Niagara in grandeur and exceeds it in height and awful mystery. It is a single block of limestone, with many shades of color. The walls are smooth, as if cut with chisels, and there is no sign of displacement.

The visitor follows a tumbling cascade down a deep fissure in the mountain under some of the largest arborescent trees in the world and, turning down a line of steps cut into the precipice, suddenly finds himself by a swift stream in a dark canyon and the great bridge far above him. Birds high in air pass under the blue arch. The place is full of echoes, and the winds and waters moan eternally.

Washington when a surveyor for Lord Fairfax visited the natural bridge and carried his name, where it may still be seen. The original bridge tract was granted by King George III. to Thomas Jefferson in 1774. After he was president Jefferson visited the place, surveyed it and made the map with his own hands. Jefferson spoke of the place as "a famous place that will draw the attention of the world." Chief Justice Marshall wrote of the bridge as "God's greatest miracle in stone." Henry Clay wrote of "the bridge not made with hands that span a river, carries a highway and makes two mountains one."—Detroit Free Press.

OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashioned man who had been married only once?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who expected her children to "mind?"

What has become of the old fashioned man who was always wanting to bet a can of oysters?

What has become of the old fashioned lover who gave his girl a copy of "Lucille" at Christmas?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who said she "backed" an envelope when she wrote an address on it?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who explained her poverty by saying an elephant stepped on her pocketbook?

What has become of the old fashioned woman who screamed at the thought of her husband taking out life insurance, saying that it sounded as if he didn't expect to live long?—Atchison Globe.

Curious Wills.

The most curious and perhaps the most spiteful will on record is that of Queen Austrigilda, consort of King Gontar, who by her noncupative or verbal testament enjoined her husband to slay and bury in the same grave with herself the two physicians who had attended to her majesty during her last illness. Scarcely less vindictive was the will of the selfish husband who forbade his wife to marry a second time, concluding with the threat, "If she disobeys me, I will come again if I can." Quite at the opposite pole of sentiment was the direction of the married woman who predeceased her husband to her executors to seek out some nice, good, pretty girl who would make an affectionate second wife for a spouse.—London Telegraph.

Meerschaum Carving.

Vienna is the greatest center for meerschaum carving, which has attained a very high artistic development. The raw material comes in such odd shapes that much skill is exercised in obtaining from each piece a pipe that shall be as large and well shaped as possible. The rough block is first soaked in water to make it soft, when it can be cut as readily as cheese. After the carving is completed the final polishing is done by women with fine sandpaper and a kind of grass.

Ancient Sausages.

Antiquaries are baffled in their attempts to ascertain when sausages first became an article of human consumption. We know at least that among the ancient Greeks sausages, called "alantes" and "chordai," were a common article of diet, and every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, that sausages, black puddings and sausage sellers appear in the comedies of Aristophanes.—London Telegraph.

What Happened.

"She married the coachman because she wanted some one who could drive." "Well?" "Well, he drove her to distraction!"—Chicago Post.

Quick Conclusion.

"I see that one Pennsylvania convict fatally assaulted another." "They must have some bad men in that penitentiary."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Responsibility Placed.

"So their marriage was a failure." "Not at all. Marriage is all right. It was the man and the woman who were failures."—Philadelphia Press.

WHEN STARCH WAS NEW.

It Used to Be Made in Colors So as to Tint the Fabric.

"A package of starch?" asked the intelligent and learned grocer, and as he wrapped the package up he talked.

"Starch originated," he said, "in Flanders. It was introduced into England, with the big ruff, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It was like our starch of today, except that it was made in colors—red, yellow, green, blue. The effect of this was to tint delicately the white linen to which the starch might be applied.

"Before Queen Elizabeth's time ruffs and ruffs were made of fine holland, which required no stiffening. Then the ruffs of cambric came, and these must of necessity be starched."

The grocer, consulting his memorandum book, resumed:

"It is recorded that 'when the queen had ruffs made of lawn and cambric for her own princely wearing there was none in England could tell how to starch them; but the queen made special means for some women that could starch, and Mrs. Gullham, wife of the royal coachman, was the first starcher.'"

"In 1564 a Flanders woman, Frau Van der Plasse, came to London and established there a school for the teaching of starching. The school succeeded. The Flanders frau got rich. She charged £5 a lesson and an extra 20 shillings for a recipe for the making of starch out of wheat flour, bran and roots.

"Yellow was the most fashionable color in starch among the nobility. The Puritans used blue starch, though at first they had been against the stuff altogether, dubbing it 'a certain kinde of liquide matter which they call starch, wherein the devil bath willed them to wash and dive their ruffs, which, when they be dry, will then stand stiffe and inflexible about their necks.'"

"Starch is made from wheat, corn and potatoes, and starving men have often subsisted on it, finding it nourishing, though not tasty."—London Graphic.

DRESDEN CHINA.

First Offered For Sale at the Fair of Leipzig in 1721.

Dresden china began its reign at the fair of Leipzig, 1721, where it was offered for public sale for the first time. It has had three periods—King's, Marcoline and modern—and for all around use it continues to be the most popular ware of this day.

The factory marks traced on the bottom of each piece vary according to the period—the oldest (King's) being the monogram A. R. and the wand of Aesculapius. The familiar crossed swords, with the dot or circle between the handles, were first used in 1721, and the star took the place of the dot in the Marcoline period. The modern mark is the simple crossed swords, sometimes accompanied by letters and numbers.

Although the methods of work are still jealously guarded in all factories, the essentials are an open secret, and the following rough outline may satisfy the lazily curious: The ingredients of porcelain are kaolin feldspar, sand and selenite. These are ground fine and mixed in limewater. The paste is then molded into forms and fired in an oven of moderate heat. When taken out, it is in an opaque state and is then dipped in the glaze, which is feldspar ground fine, with a little alkali. It is now subjected to a firing of great heat, which results in the beautiful polished surface so familiar the world over.

This second firing is attended with risk, for if the piece is allowed to remain beyond the exact proper moment the whole melts together and is ruined.

How a Glass Eye Acts.

A glass eye has never so free a range of movement as the real one, and when the owner turns his eyes strongly in any direction the glass eye lags behind the other, so producing a squint. Then the pupil of the glass eye is of course of a fixed size, while the natural pupil dilates and contracts not only with varying amounts of light, but with varying emotions. Then again the white of the eye varies in tint greatly from day to day, being slightly bloodshot during headaches and yellow during bilious attacks. The differences in color between the two eyes caused by these changes are even more easily noticed than the differences in the pupils.

The Camel's Bite.

The camel alone of all ruminants has incisor teeth in the upper jaw, which, with the peculiar structure of his other teeth, make his bite, the animal's first and main defense, most formidable. The skeleton of the camel is full of proofs of design. Notice, for example, the arched backbone, constructed in such a way as to sustain the greatest weight in proportion to the span of the supports. A strong camel can bear a thousand pounds weight, although the usual load in Yemen is not more than 600 pounds.

How a Boy Explained a Parable.

There is no saying how the average small boy sometimes regards religious truth. A London paper records that the son of a well known bishop being asked to explain the meaning of the parable of the grain of mustard seed replied, "It means that a little religion goes a long way, and those who have the least of it here will be highest in the kingdom of heaven."—Leslie's Weekly.

Not Dangerous.

"I hear you want to sell your dog, Pat. They tell me he has a pedigree." "Shure, an' Oi niver noticed it, sor. Anyhow, he's nothin' but a puppy yit, an' Oi'm thinkin' as how he'll be after outgrowin' it, sor."—Glasgow Times.

There is no man easier to deceive than he who has hopes, for he aids in his own deceit.—Bossuet.

HE STOPPED THE BELL.

Good Reason For Giving Him Free Entry to the Show.

The requests for theater favors in the small towns are very troublesome. Every person of local standing feels that he has a right to admission at least, while the trustees and the constable feel that they are entitled to private boxes. Some of the requests are decidedly unique.

Recently a company played a small southern city. The manager was taking the tickets at the door of the theater, and the natives were struggling to get in. "Suddenly," he tells, "a long, thin, bushy clothed individual divided the folding doors with his shoulder and whispered confidentially, 'I stop the bell.' I asked him to repeat. 'I stop the bell,' he said again in a hoarse whisper. 'You will have to see the opera house manager and tell him what you stop,' I said, reaching for tickets. He tripped up several ladies while backing out. Soon the manager of the house came in, saying, 'He's all right; he stops the bell.' I allowed him to go in, and after the people were seated I asked the local man what he meant by 'He stops the bell.' 'Well,' said he, 'this man is the janitor of the town hall, right opposite, and on 'show nights' he does not ring nine or ten on the town clock. You see, he said, 'it would disturb the performance,' and so the poor people do not know what time it is until 11 o'clock, when the opera house is open. If I had 'turned him down' he would have rung out nine and ten every half hour to get even."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Love In Spectacles.

He—I suppose now that I shall have to ask your father for his consent. She—No, Harry. After the first time you called, pa said I might have you if I wanted you. Pa and I have understood it for a long time.—Boston Transcript.

The Fragrant Heliotrope.

You may give a heliotrope, and not a very large plant, as much water as you give a geranium and think you are giving all that is required. Your plant will fail to make a vigorous and healthy growth because it is not moist enough at the roots. Examine it, and you will find that the tiny roots have extracted the moisture almost wholly. If not given more water at once, some of the young and delicate roots are injured, and the plant takes on a diseased condition, from which it often never recovers. Do not get the idea that the soil in which heliotropes are grown ought to be kept wet. Not at all. But because it requires more moisture than many plants, because it extracts more rapidly from the soil, water should be given oftener to keep the soil in the proper condition.

The Final Straw.

A story is told of a rustic who, after imbibing too freely, fell asleep by the wayside.

The day was hot, and a swarm of flies settled on his face and proceeded to make his sleep anything but pleasant. In a little while a few mosquitoes came along to add their torture to that of the flies. Of course the man woke up after repeated attacks by the combined forces and vainly tried to brush them away. Finally along came a big wasp and stung him on the nose. "Now, for that you can all get off," he said.

MARRIAGES.

BURNS—ABBOTT.—In Arlington, Feb. 18, by Rev. A. S. Malone, Charles H. Burns and Elizabeth M. Abbott.

HAWORTH—McCUE.—In Arlington, Feb. 23, by Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, George W. Haworth and Katherine G. McCue.

HURLEY—MURPHY.—In Arlington, Feb. 24, by Rev. A. J. Fitzgerald, Daniel Hurley and Ellen Murphy.

DEATHS.

JOHNSON.—In Arlington, Feb. 23, Anna C. Johnson, aged 30 yrs., 8 mos.

BOSTON & MAINE TIME TABLE

Winter Arrangement. IN EFFECT OCTOBER 13 1902.

TO BOSTON.

Lexington—5.40, 5.56, 5.56, 5.56, 7.56, 8.51, 8.43, 10.23, a. m.; 12.09, 1.00, 2.09, 3.45, 4.15, 4.39, 5.10, 6.30, 8.09, 9.09, 10.09, p. m. Sunday, 9.14, a. m. 4.39 p. m.

Arlington Heights—5.48, 6.05, 6.35, 7.04, 7.54, 8.47, 8.53, 10.32, a. m.; 12.15, 1.10, 2.15, 3.54, 4.24, 5.19, 6.47, 8.18, 9.18, 10.19, p. m. Sunday 9.24 a. m. 4.39 p. m.

Brattle—5.50, 6.08, 6.38, 7.06, 8.06, 8.56, 10.56, a. m.; 12.20, 1.12, 2.20, 3.56, 4.43, 5.21, 6.50, 8.20, 9.20, 10.20, p. m. Sundays, 9.27 a. m.; 4.43 p. m.

Arlington—5.53, 6.12, 6.42, 7.09, 7.12, 7.59, 7.43, 7.56, 8.06, 8.16, 8.41, 9.00, 10.37 a. m. 12.23, 1.15, 2.23, 3.59, 4.37, 4.51, 5.24, 5.53, 6.22, 6.53, 6.56, 7.15, 8.23, 9.23, 10.23, p. m. Sundays, 9.30 a. m.; 4.46 p. m.

Lake Street—5.55, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.46, 7.56, 8.19, 9.03, 10.39, a. m.; 12.25, 1.17, 2.25, 4.01, 5.27, 5.56, 6.24, 6.50, 7.18, 8.26, 9.25, 10.25, p. m. Sundays, 9.38 a. m.; 4.43 p. m.

FROM BOSTON.

Lexington—7.17, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m. Sundays, 12.50, 6.00 p. m.

Arlington Heights—7.17, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m. Sundays, 12.50, 6.00 p. m.

Brattle—7.17, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m. Sundays, 12.50, 6.00 p. m.

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Lake Street—7.17, 8.17, 9.09, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 2.47, 3.47, 4.17, 4.47, 5.17, 5.47, 6.17, 7.04, 7.50, 9.15, 10.20, 11.30, p. m. Sundays, 12.50, 6.00 p. m.

*Train stops only on signal, or to leave passengers on notice to the conductor.

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